AP
4
C76
v. 121
no. 725

No. 287
NEW SERIES

PRICE
1/6 NET.

KNOX COLLEGE
TORONTO
LIBRARY
TORONTO

No. 725

MAY

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

1920.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

[*All rights, including the right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine, are reserved.*]

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN AND H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

WINSOR & NEWTON, LTD.

MANUFACTURERS OF PERMANENT OIL AND WATER COLOURS AND ALL ARTISTS' SUNDRIES.

W. & N. have in stock a large assortment of the new

A. C. M.

English Hand-made Water-Colour Paper.

Great care and thought has been bestowed in the preparation of this, and it can be recommended to Water-Colour Artists with every confidence.

It is a most reliable paper and can be supplied in the usual Hot-pressed, Not, and Rough surfaces.

Pleasant and agreeable in working.

Full detailed list on application to the leading Artists' Colourmen throughout the Country or from

RATHBONE PLACE, W. 1. *Established nearly a Century.*

Patrons—THE KING & QUEEN.

For God and the Sailor is the Nation's cry
When dangers assail and the foe is nigh,
But when foes are dispersed and matters are righted,
Then God is forgotten, the Sailor is slighted.

For the first time since August 1914 **THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN** is obliged to hoist a signal of distress.

Since the War ended Contributions have fallen off while Expenses have increased.

FUNDS are most urgently needed to maintain the "Homes from Home" for

BRITISH SEAMEN

IN 124 PORTS IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

There is abundant evidence that the **SAILORS** appreciate the work of the Society.

Please send a Gift to prove they are not forgotten!

STUART C. KNOX, M.A., Secretary.

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN, 11 Buckingham St., Strand, London, W.C.2

"MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE

NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE
OF ALL STATIONERS CHEMISTS & STORES OR POST FREE
FOR 12 STAMPS FROM THE INVENTORS.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD 7&9 ST BRIDE ST LONDON.E.C.4

THE VERY FACT

that hundreds of thousands of busy writers use their "SWAN" Pens day in and day out with the utmost satisfaction should convince you of the wisdom of their choice.

"SWAN" PENS

Prices 12/6, 15/-, 21/-, 25/-, 30/- upwards.
SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.
Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.
MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133-135 Oxford St., London, W. 1.
Paris, Brussels, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto and Cape Town.
Factories: London, Liverpool, New York and Toronto.
Associate House:—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

SWAN VESTAS

THE SMOKER'S MATCH.

THE LEADING LIGHT OF
THE SMOKERS' WORLD.

BRYANT & MAY, Ltd.

SHAVING IS A PLEASURE

to the man who regularly uses Wright's Shaving Soap. He looks forward to his morning shave as a pleasant part of the day's routine, because

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SHAVING SOAP

gives a creamy, lasting lather, has an agreeable perfume, protects from infection, and ensures an easy comfortable and healthful shave every time.

"A daily joy to the man who shaves."

Price **1/3** per stick or tablet.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to
WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, LTD.,
Southwark, London, S.E. 1.

In the Shadow of St. Pauls

For Floor Coverings

"Ludgate Hill *for* Carpets"

TRELOAR

Specialists for 80 Years

Seamless Axminster Carpets. Rugs. Wilton Carpets. Duroleum

British made Turkey Carpets. Linoleum. Oriental Matting.

Call and Inspect or Write for Patterns and Prices

68·69·70, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON. E.C.4

Telephone Nos.—CENTRAL {6651 9821

WORK
and
SAVE

Are you wasting fuel or food?

YOU may be wasting both, merely from lack of a little practical advice on the best methods of using your gas appliances in house or kitchen.

An illustrated pamphlet on

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

will help you to work with pleasure and save with ease. It is written for these difficult days of short commons and high prices.

The magazine, which is one of a monthly series, appeals to the educated housewife. It will be sent free on request by

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47 Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

G62

A LIBRARY
"Very nearly perfect"

SUBSCRIBERS for The Times Book Club's Guaranteed Library Service practically own all the Books of the Day.

They send for any book in circulation and receive it at the first demand —specially bought, if need be, for their reading. They need never take the "next best," but always read the book nearest their heart. They neither cumber their shelves nor deplete their funds by buying the books that they *must* read on publication; yet they possess these books at the moment of their need. The considerable majority of books which are read once and not again pass through their hands. They select as permanent possessions the works that will be life-long friends. How the Times Book Club keeps its promises is shown by the following extracts from

What Subscribers say

(*Printed by Permission*).

"I joined last August and have never before had such satisfaction from any Library (and I have tried most). Your Guaranteed System is very nearly perfect, and I have recommended it to many people."

"I consider the Times Library to be the best I have ever subscribed to, and should like to thank you for the promptness with which all orders have been executed, and the general attention I have received."

"We were very pleased indeed last winter at always getting the books mentioned on our lists. No other library has satisfied us like yours."

Guaranteed Subscription—£5 per annum for 3 volumes at a time. Ordinary Subscription—the best Library service in the Kingdom except The Times Book Club's Guaranteed Service—£2 12s. per annum for 3 volumes.

Fuller Particulars on application.

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY
380 Oxford Street, London, W.1

"I GIVE MY WIFE £1,000."

"And I am a poor man, too—really much poorer than one of the so-called 'New poor.' Yet, on my wife's birthday, I gave her £1,000."

"When we sat down for breakfast on that memorable morning I produced a document, and handed it to her with the remark, 'Now listen while I tell you why I am giving you this £1,000.'"

"This is an investment policy with the Sun Life of Canada, and I have made the first payment of £58 6s., and should I die to-morrow, either through illness or accident, you would receive £1,000, plus half the deposit I have just paid—altogether £1,029 3s.

"This policy is to be in force for twenty years. Now suppose, as I am now forty, that I live to be sixty years of age, we shall receive from the Sun Life of Canada about £1,450—another and a better birthday gift for both of us, eh?"

"But," said my wife, "how does it happen that you are entitled to a sum of £1,450 in twenty years?"

"Why, in just this way: all the deposits are really investments, and my dividends accumulate until the twenty years are up. On the basis of past experience these dividends will amount to £450."

"It's splendid," she replied.

"Yes, it is," I went on. "But what I like best, though, is that during all the twenty years, if anything should happen to me, you and the children will at least be secure from want. . . . For instance, if I were taken off in the twelfth year you are bound to receive £1,394 4s., that is, the original £1,000 plus 50 per cent. of all my deposits.

"Another thing. It is most unlikely that we should save the sum of £1,450 in the next twenty years. But we can make these annual payments without a great deal of self-sacrifice. It is, indeed, a fine system of saving—and quite the best form of investment I have studied for some time. Then, as regards the annual deposit, I deduct that amount from my income before paying income tax, thus saving £8 15s., making my net payments £49 11s. per annum.

"That is not all, either. If in years to come we strike a patch of bad luck, I can look inside the Policy, and see at a glance what is the surrender value. The table there tells me at once what the company will advance as a loan on the Policy, or the amount to be drawn at the date originally fixed if I stop further deposits."

"Well, John," my wife remarked, "this is some birthday gift. I admire your thoughtfulness for myself and the children. I can't help thinking, too, that we have never spent money to better purpose. But, my boy, I don't want to draw that £1,000 and half the deposits made. You are going to live for the full twenty years. We shall be getting on then, and £1,450 will be very useful."

"Rather," I said. "It's a fine proposition for our old age."

And that's how I gave my wife £1,000.

The Assets of the Sun Life of Canada exceed £23,000,000, and the company is under strict Government supervision. Anyone interested should write at once for full particulars, giving his or her age, and the amount it is proposed to invest annually. All communications treated in confidence. Write to J. F. Junkin (Manager), Sun Life of Canada, 100 Canada House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C. 2.

KING'S HEAD
Tobacco

A fine ripe, richly-flavoured blend—cool and pleasant to smoke.

It is manufactured by the same process as

THREE NUNS
—a milder blend.

Both are sold everywhere at the same price
1-oz. packets 1/1 Tins : 2-oz. 2/2—4-oz. 4/4

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes

In	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand-made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd., 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow (668)

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES

Edited by L. CRANMER-BYNG and Dr. S. A. KAPADIA.

1/6 net each

THE AWAKENING OF THE SOUL
THE BOOK OF FILIAL DUTY
ARABIAN WISDOM
THE CLASSICS OF CONFUCIUS
The Book of History (Shu-King)
The Book of Odes (Shi-King)
WOMEN AND WISDOM OF JAPAN
THE SAYINGS OF LAO TZŬ
THE RELIGION OF THE KORAN
THE ROSE GARDEN OF SA'DI
THE WISDOM OF ISRAEL
THE INSTRUCTION OF PTAH-HOTEP
SA'DI'S SCROLL OF WISDOM
THE CONDUCT OF LIFE
THE DIWAN OF ABU'L-ALA
THE BURDEN OF ISIS
THE RUBÁ'IYÁT OF HÁFIZ
YANG CHU'S GARDEN OF PLEASURE
THE POEMS OF MU'TAMID, KING OF SEVILLE
THE PERSIAN MYSTICS. Jámi

2/6 net each

THE MASTER-SINGERS OF JAPAN
THE PATH OF LIGHT
THE TEACHINGS OF ZOROASTER
THE WAY OF THE BUDDHA
MUSINGS OF A CHINESE MYSTIC
THE PERSIAN MYSTIC
Jalálu'd-din Rumi
BRAHMA-KNOWLEDGE
THE HEART OF INDIA
A LUTE OF JADE
THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS
THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD
A FEAST OF LANTERNS
SADI'S SCROLL OF WISDOM
With Persian Text
THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART
THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE POETRY
THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS
BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES
ABU'L ALA THE SYRIAN
THE DIWAN OF ZEB-UN-NISSA
THE WAY OF CONTENTMENT
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LEGENDS (3/6 net)
THE BUDDHA'S "WAY OF VIRTUE"
TAOIST TEACHINGS
ANCIENT JEWISH PROVERBS
THE FLIGHT OF THE DRAGON
LEGENDS OF INDIAN BUDDHISM
THE BUSTÂN OF SADI
THE ALCHEMY OF HAPPINESS
THE SINGING CARAVAN
THE WISDOM OF THE APOCRYPHA

JOHN MURRAY,
ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

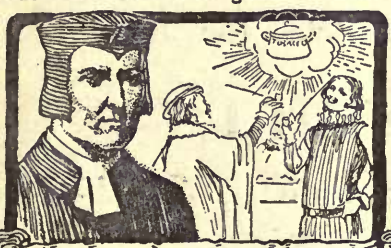
—the Pen that a man can conscientiously recommend to his best friend.

Three types: "Self-Filling" and "Safety," **17/6** and upwards; "Regular," **12/6** and upwards. In Silver and Gold for presentation. Nibs to suit all hands (exchanged gratis if not quite right). Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

Write for Illustrated List to—

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

"The Sister of Literature-Tobacco"
Prof. Sir Walter Raleigh in the "Times"



Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases.

ROBERT BURTON

IN THREE STRENGTHS

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

"Pipe Perfect"

White Label	Mild and Medium
10½d.	1/-
Per oz.	Per oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

P.859

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

The last volume from the pen of Thackeray's daughter, gathering up a number of sketches of characteristic charm.

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND

By LADY RITCHIE

Edited by her Sister-in-Law, Miss EMILY RITCHIE.
Second Impression. **6s.** net.

The Times.—"Lady Ritchie had more than a good memory and a long and wide acquaintance with interesting people. She had the gift of giving life to her memories when she told them . . . Lady Ritchie knew what was interesting and what was not; she lived intensely in her memories, and she can take her readers to live in them with her."

Punch.—"These pages are so filled with their writer's delicate personal charm that her lovers will be delighted. . . . 'From Friend to Friend' forms an apt and graceful finish to the work of one whose life was given to the claims of friendship."

Evening Standard.—"A fragrant pot-pourri of memories of the 'fifties and 'sixties; gentle talks—gossip is too coarse a word—about Tennyson or Thackeray, Mrs. Sartoris, the Kembles, the Brownings, and other famous people of the period."

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1.

Amongst other Articles the June

"CORNHILL"

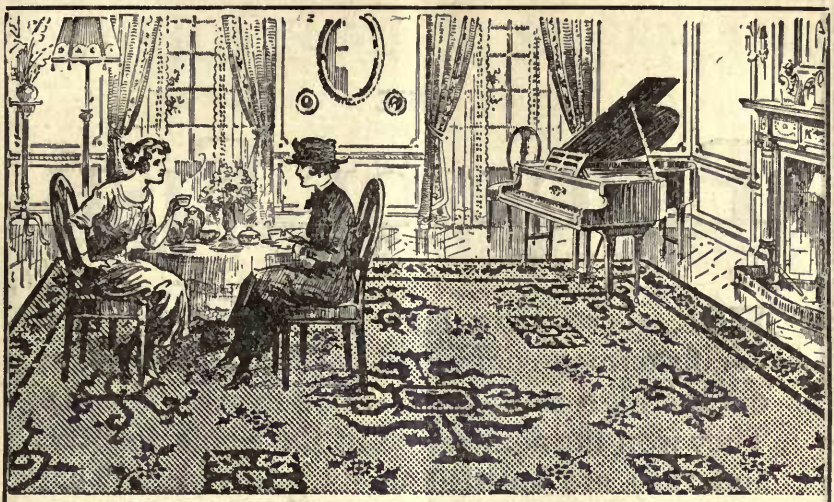
will contain

The Fourth Dimension. Ch. VI.
By Horace Annesley Vachell.

Madame Gilbert's Cannibal. III.
By Bennet Copplestone.

A Memory of the Mischabel.
By G. Winthrop Young.

Dr. Johnson and Second Sight.
By Edward Clodd.



"I Paid only Four Pounds for this Beautiful Carpet."

"They are really wonderful, these new Crex Carpets. I'd given up all hope of getting a carpet at a price I could afford until I saw this in a shop the other day."

"They are made in such exquisite designs and with such rich colourings that there's no difficulty in choosing one to harmonise with any room or hall."

"So easy to keep clean too—half the trouble of ordinary carpets and so much more sanitary, for they don't hold germs or dirt."

"And they're so tough, strong, and durable. Damp cannot injure them, and their colours are beautiful and harmonious."

"Take my advice and get Crex Carpets for your home. They will save you pounds and give you all the Carpet Comfort and beauty you desire.

CREX

RUGS from 8s. 6d. **CARPETS from £3.**

SOLD BY ALL GOOD CLASS FURNISHING HOUSES & STORES.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Crex write for name of nearest dealer to the Manager—

CREX CARPET COMPANY, LTD.,
245 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

THE

PRICE OF FISH

FOR more than four years our deep sea fishermen confronted perils which brought out the high courage for which they are famous. They won the admiration of the whole country, and they are entitled to its gratitude. That gratitude can best be shown by practical help, and such assistance can best be administered by a long established society whose sole work is amongst our splendid toilers of the deep. That organisation is **The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen** which ceaselessly attends to the spiritual and physical needs of our fishermen, afloat and ashore, and has done much for their widows and orphans and dependents. Fish is dear in these days—the consumer pays a heavy price; but the fisherman pays a far heavier one in toll of life and limb and property, and on his behalf the Council of the Mission earnestly appeals for help.

All contributions will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary,

FRANCIS H. WOOD,

Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen,
181 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

THERE IS MUCH SUFFERING

among the very Poor, including numbers of men who have

FOUGHT FOR THEIR KING AND COUNTRY.

THE CHURCH ARMY

relieves it, by sympathetic, common-sense, and non-pauperising methods.

FOR EX-SERVICE MEN.—Employment Bureau, with Welfare Branch; Farm Training; Hostels for Limbless; Friends of Shell Shocked; care of Motherless Children, &c., &c.

FOR TROOPS STILL SERVING.—Huts on the Rhine and in France and Belgium, &c., &c.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED. Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W. 1.

Mr. John Murray's Publications.

	PAGE	½-PAGE	¼-PAGE	⅛-PAGE
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
DISCOVERY	20 0 0	10 0 0	5 0 0	2 10 0
(Monthly)	(Series discount: 5% for 6 insertions, 10% for 12 insertions.)			
QUARTERLY REVIEW	6 6 0	3 3 0	1 11 6	0 15 9
CORNHILL MAGAZINE	7 7 0	3 17 6	2 0 0	1 0 0
BULLETIN OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE	6 0 0	3 0 0	1 10 0	—

ETC., ETC.

SPECIAL POSITIONS BY ARRANGEMENT.

All applications for space to be made to

The Advt. Manager, 16 Regent St., London, S.W. 1.

TELEPHONE: REGENT 113.

HIGH GRADE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

£50,000 WORTH TO SELECT FROM.

THE immense and varied stock is so arranged as to make leisurely inspection both convenient and interesting. The showrooms cover an area exceeding 250,000 square feet, and every floor has its own attractive features.

YOU WILL FIND WHAT YOU WANT AT JELKS.

The business aim of the house of Jelks & Sons for over fifty years has been to give complete satisfaction, and to supply only articles of Furniture of choice design and faultless workmanship — Second-hand, but equal, and in many cases, superior to new, at tempting prices to suit every buyer of discrimination— Furniture to do credit to every home of refinement.

Bargain Catalogues Post Free.

Cash or Instalments to suit individual requirements.

"THE GREAT LONDON CENTRE FOR ALL THAT'S GOOD IN SECOND-HAND FURNITURE."

W. JELKS & SONS

263-275 HOLLOWAY RD., LONDON, N. 7.

BUS, TRAM, or PICCADILLY TUBE TO THE DOOR.

Business Hours: 9 to 8. Thursdays, close at 1. Saturdays, 9 p.m.

Removals by Motor Pantechnicon to all parts of the Country. Estimates Free.

meets with an accident each year

ONE person in every seven is a victim to accident! Many fatal, all more or less serious. These figures, quoted from official statistics, clearly show the need for men and women to effect adequate insurance. In the case of illness the above proportion may be even greater.

Almost every day reports of fatal and serious accidents appear in the Daily Press, yet many people, whilst wisely protecting themselves against loss by fire, burglary, etc., neglect to cover themselves in respect to the far greater risk of personal accident.

Prudent men and women protect themselves by effecting an insurance covering such risks, and thus relieve their minds of all monetary anxiety—an insurance which need cost but a quite nominal sum, but which assures substantial benefits none can afford to ignore.

Send a postcard to-day for full particulars of the "British Dominions" series of insurances issued at the most attractive rates. There are ten different tables, with premiums ranging from 2s. per annum (covering fatal accidents only) upwards, providing for liberal benefits which vary according to premium and risks covered. Please ask for "Accident, Sickness and Disease" Insurance Prospectus.

The most progressive office for all classes of Insurances.

EAGLE STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

Branches and Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

Head Office: British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. 3.

ASSETS EXCEED £17,000,000

COINTREAU

"Triple Sec"

The finale to a well ordered dinner is given by the Coffee, a Cointreau, and a good cigar.

At all the Leading Hotels, Restaurants, and Stores.

Sole Agents:—

W. GLENDENNING & SONS Ltd., 170 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

E. GODFREE & CO.'S

SPECIAL WINE OFFER.

	Per dozen.
Royal Oporto 1917 Vintage Port (for laying down).	**75/-**
Veuve Paul Bur 1911 Vintage Champagne	**198/-**
Delicado. Finest Pale Dry Sherry	**66/-**
St. Morillon 1917 Graves ...	**56/-**

Single Bottles or Assorted Cases of above may be had.

Full Price List on Application.

E. GODFREE & CO., 11a Regent St., S.W. 1

The Reading Book of Africa

¶ Africa, "the world's backward child," is learning to read. "The black man is putting himself to school. The keenness to 'learn book' beggars description."

¶ The first book that missionaries translate into a native language is generally one of the Gospels. For immense multitudes, this forms to-day their only literature; but it is the best they could have. In its pages they come face to face with the picture of Christ, "the African's only figure in history," and they learn the Gospel of the love of God.

¶ For help in providing this vital part of their equipment the Missions turn to the Bible Society. Generously, carefully, quickly, the work of producing and transporting the editions needed is undertaken. No expense and no labour are spared. Bishop King, late of Madagascar, now Secretary of the S.P.G., has recently confessed, "Without the work of the Bible Society at home, the difficulties of conveying the Gospel to the heathen would be practically insuperable." Bishop Willis, of Uganda, has just written, "Few Missions in the world can owe more to the Society than the C.M.S. Uganda Mission."

¶ Another missionary working in Kavirondo writes of the mass movements: "People often walked 30 or 40 miles for the Book that was now so precious to them, and, in order to preserve it, they would sew the covers in goat-skin or cloth. They read it so often that they could recite whole passages by heart. Every convert must pass an examination in the Gospels before being baptized."

¶ In 143 different African tongues, the Bible Society has already sent out some part of Holy Scripture. These include the complete Bible in 22 languages, the New Testament in 32 more languages, and some book or books of the Bible in 89 languages besides.

¶ In Africa hundreds of languages and dialects have not yet been reduced to writing. There are many revisions to be undertaken in the translations already made. There is an extraordinary increase in the demand for the Book among large and rapidly-growing African Christian communities.

¶ Thus an immense work for Christ and His Church lies before the Bible Society in Africa. Will you share in it by sending a gift to the Secretaries, 146, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4?

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY.

Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s. 6d. post free to any address in the Postal Union. The Annual Subscription to Canada and Newfoundland is 20s., post free.

MAY 1920.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FOURTH DIMENSION. CH. V. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL	513
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FATHER AND MOTHER. By ARCHIBALD STALKER	534
WEALTH AND WORKERS. CONVERSATIONS AT THE "GOODWILL" CLUB.—III. By E. DE STEIN	544
"THE PICTURES." By JANE H. FINDLATER	554
AN ELIZABETHAN SONG-CYCLE. By JAMES WALTER BROWN	572
FALLEN IDOLS OF THE STREAM. By FREDERICK MARTIN	580
THE MEM-SAHIB'S POINT OF VIEW	590
MADAME GILBERT'S CANNIBAL. — II. By BENNET COPPLESTONE	600
MISERS IN LITERATURE AND ART. By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.	616
THE SECRET OF SARAGOSSA FARM. By A. LOURD	621
SIDELIGHTS ON EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE WAYS. By EDITH SELLERS	627

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the care of JOHN MURRAY, 50A Albemarle Street, W. 1.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned when accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. MSS. cannot be delivered on personal application. Articles of a political nature are not accepted.

Every Contribution should be type-written on one side of each leaf only, and should bear the Name and Address of the Sender; a preliminary letter is not desired.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

INCORPORATED
A.D. 1720.

BICENTENARY
A.D. 1920.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

FIRE, LIFE,
SEA,
ACCIDENT,
MOTOR CAR,
PLATE GLASS,
BURGLARY,
EMPLOYERS'
LIABILITY,

The Corporation will act as

**EXECUTOR OF WILLS,
TRUSTEE OF
WILLS AND SETTLEMENTS.**

LIVE STOCK,
THIRD PARTY,
LIFT, BOILER,
MACHINERY,
ANNUITIES,
FIDELITY
GUARANTEE.

Prospectus and all information may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Head Office—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. 3.
West End Office—44 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P & O and British India

Mail, Passenger and Freight Services.

TICKETS INTERCHANGEABLE.

PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL Sailings:—

From **London** and **Marseilles** to **Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Aden** and **Bombay**; to **Colombo, Straits, China, Japan** and **Australasia.** From **London** to **Calcutta.**

P. & O. Australian Tickets interchangeable one way by New Zealand Shipping Company (via Panama) or by Orient Line.

BRITISH INDIA Sailings:—

From **London** (R.A. Dock). To **Calcutta,** via Suez, Colombo and Madras, with connections: *Red Sea Ports, via Aden; Mauritius and Malabar Coast, via Colombo; Northern Coast Ports, Rangoon, Penang, Malay Ports and Singapore, via Madras; Arracan Ports, Rangoon, Moulmein and Straits, via Calcutta.* To **Brisbane,** via Colombo and Torres Straits. To **Karachi, Bombay** and **Persian Gulf.** To **East Africa,** via Suez, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa and Zanzibar.

For particulars of Sailings apply P. & O. or BRITISH INDIA PASSENGER or FREIGHT DEPT., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3; or P. & O. House, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.

BRITISH INDIA COMPANY.—For general information apply to the B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY 1920.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

CHAPTER V.

ON REVIENT.

I.

DETAILS were forthcoming on the morrow. Crewe had been seriously ill for three days, but the fact had been kept carefully from the Press. Pumford of all those at Manchester had known that the heart of an overworked man was steadily failing. The end came swiftly and painlessly.

Miss Oldacre was very unhappy, and what she said to Jess may be recorded as the opinion of Crewe's intimate friends.

'Felix, my dear, was something of a martyr to his profession. From the very first, as I well remember, he took his art seriously. Everybody in his theatre knew that. He attended, personally, to the myriad petty details. That is why he succeeded greatly as a manager, and that is why, also, as an actor he remained to the end—himself. He never attempted character parts; he knew, perhaps, his limitations; and he knew—none better—what he could do, and how to do it. He cherished and upheld the dignity of his profession. He fought tooth and nail for the rank and file. Of course advantage was taken of this. Work was thrust upon him which a less unselfish man would have declined. Had he kept himself in cotton wool he would have lived to a great age, because he was sound to the core—physically and mentally. No other can take his place. It's an irreparable loss.'

To this Pell added a few words :

'He was the kindest of men, Jess. And singularly free from the jealousies and vanities of his profession. He never grudged time or trouble in pushing forward talented youngsters. He was deeply interested in you, my dear.'

'I know—I know.'

Pell said slowly :

'He believed in Cherrington. His death affects poor Cherry more than any of us. The London contract was never signed. It won't be signed.'

'Oh, dear!'

'Lady Crewe can't carry on the theatre. She must sell the lease of it, or let it. Probably, with the present demand for theatres, she will let it at an immense rental. Her solicitors and friends will so advise her.'

'What will Cherry do?'

Pell shrugged his shoulders. 'Cherrington, of course, must approach other managers, most of whom are knee-deep in engagements. Lady Crewe, so I understand from Pumford, is sole executrix. Pumford, for the present, will run this play in the provinces. He must. He has booked up a tour. It comes to this practically. If we make plenty of money, some fellow or other, or a syndicate, will put the show on in London, sooner or later. All that is on the knees of the gods. Naturally you don't realise what a tremendous gamble this London production is. A straw, one way or another, may turn the scale. I am most awfully sorry for poor Cherry, but he's a young man and very clever. This is his first set-back.'

Jess inferred from his tone that set-backs were to be expected by dramatists of whatever complexion, including the most sanguine and successful. What followed confirmed this, even if the statement had to be salted with the knowledge that the speaker was feeling sore and disappointed :

'You see, Jess, a play must be regarded as a marketable commodity, subject, as such, to the fluctuations of the market. From my point of view the market, at the moment, is bulling revue and musical comedy. The demand for legitimate stuff is decreasing. The theatres are getting into the wrong hands, into the hands of men who care nothing for the traditions of the stage, who are simply and brazenly "on the make." The pre-war playgoers and the more sophisticated profiteers are conspicuously absent from the theatre. I do a play and look at the stalls. I see hardly a soul I know. They are full of girls munching chocolates, and their boys

who have a little money to burn. A change must come, but—when? Nobody can say. Now—what happens? Cherry goes to a manager or a syndicate with this play of ours . . .'

'Ours?'

A faint smile flickered about Pellie's prim mouth.

'I repeat—ours. Cherrington might resent that. Probably not. Because he isn't a thin-skinned fool. A play isn't a novel. It's as much the work and collective output of presenter, producer, company, and author as, let us say, a motor-car. The parts are assembled. If bad stuff is put into a car it doesn't run properly. See?'

Jess nodded.

'Where was I? Oh, yes. Cherry takes our play to a manager. He reads him the play, no easy job to arrange, and shows him, perhaps, our provincial returns. So far, so good. The manager listens more or less patiently to the play, but he focuses attention on the returns. He has half a dozen similar propositions. He may have a leading man or lady tied up to him. He has to consider them. He may have paid out a lot of money on account to other authors. He has to consider them. First and last, he is asked to risk several thousand pounds. Other things being equal, he will take the goods that he thinks his public will want. He makes mistakes, naturally. The successful manager is the man who makes few mistakes, not the fellow who makes none. He doesn't exist. Now you have it in tabloid form.'

Jess thanked him. The more she saw of the little man, the more she liked him, because of his common sense and enthusiasm. And he had his ideals to which he was loyal. He detested 'bad stuff.' He believed in the stage as an elevating influence in the commonwealth. He, too, like Sir Felix, kept an eye upon the rank and file, eager to help and encourage the strivers. He hunted talent as the Pells of Pell-Mannering had hunted foxes. The same ardour of the chase possessed him.

He continued, not so easily, with obvious constraint:

'I come to you, Jess. The unhappy death of Crewe doesn't affect you—much. Had he lived, it is reasonably certain that you would have played "Giggles" in the West End. That is very far from certain now. But you have made good. It's an astounding fact for which I can't adequately account. You will play "Giggles" better and better. You will learn an immense lot from playing her, because there is no teacher like an appreciative audience. Managers will see you in the part. You will be offered more work.

You are quite likely to be offered work in London. If so, Cherrington wouldn't stand in your way and block your advancement.'

Jess said indignantly:

'You don't, you can't think that I would leave the cast before the tour was over?'

'As to that, I can only speak as your friend and adviser, with no axe of my own to grind. You would be a fool if you didn't. Cherry himself would advise it. So would Pumford, another good friend of yours. What you would do or not do is beyond me. I don't pretend to understand women—never did. A young actress must jump at her chances. She doesn't get too many. London managers won't break a bloodvessel rushing after you. Not yet, at any rate. It will be an interesting experiment putting you into quite a different part. All the same, your big chance will come. And it will come suddenly when you least expect it. When it comes, you must grip it, unless you are a fool.'

Jess remained silent, sorry that she had displayed indignation, but disconcertingly perplexed, unable to analyse her own emotions and ambitions, conscious only that a clever man was forcing his convictions upon her. Being a true woman, she dissembled a little, saying, after a pause:

'What sort of part do you think I might be offered?'

He considered this gravely, drawing in his breath with an odd sibilant sound, as if he wished to fill his small lungs with as much fresh air as possible.

'Your big asset is your sincerity. How you get it over beats me!—I remember a heated argument amongst all the stars in heaven long ago: *Is a great actor or actress master or mistress of his or her part?* I mean, could a superlative artist forget himself when playing? Coquelin, I think, maintained that he imposed his effects. Sarah, unless I have forgotten, confessed that she was swept away. It doesn't matter. The result is the same. I can't believe that you, for instance, really know how you get there, do you?'

'I don't.'

'Ah! Genius may or may not be the capacity for taking infinite pains, but it takes short cuts to its destination. I don't say yet that you have genius, but you have *something* uncommonly like it. And you are getting prettier every day. I never saw such a change in any girl. Well, my dear, if I were in management, I should try you out with Juliet. But where is Romeo? And the Swan of Avon seems to have flown into Germany. What part?' He wrinkled his brows. 'The old comedies are shelved. And they

exact so much technique. Lady Teazle is beyond you. No—your chance will come with a new play, just as it came with this. Somebody will write a part that needs freshness, artlessness, the very qualities that the highly-trained actress often loses. Cherry might do it.'

He glanced at her keenly. She wondered whether he knew that Cherry was attempting the task already. She was sworn to secrecy about his new play. But he might have talked it over with his friend. Then Pellie laughed.

'You can hold your tongue, Jess. It's all right. I happen to know what Cherry is at. And he has you in mind. But Cherry, so far as the profession is concerned, is to-day a rung or two below you.'

'Pellie——!'

'Ask him.'

'As if I should.'

'Put it like this. There is a glut of plays, and a dearth of promising young actresses. I know at this moment of at least ten plays that can't be cast. Plays by men who have arrived. Heart-breaking for them, eh? The provinces are being combed out. Every manager hopes and believes that he will find in the country something that he can bring to town, without paying a prohibitive salary. I know their little ways. And I venture a prediction. Pummy will get a job with a rising actor going into management. And Pummy has ear-marked you. So—be nice to him.'

Pumford, however, had left for London.

II.

George remained in Manchester.

He had a few days' leave, and he fully intended to make the most of his opportunities. Miss Oldacre was right. *On revient!* No excuses need be offered for George. Admittedly, Miss Irene Seaton had made a fool of the hussar. He was dismally conscious of this, and at the same time conscious, also, of an escape from bondage. As a prisoner he had not been well treated, cold fare had been his portion. Really, he had credited a charming, fascinating young actress with the qualities which she displayed on the stage. Once he had said to Jess: 'Irene is so witty.' But she was not witty off the stage. Indeed, George had found her inclined to be sleepy. She spent an afternoon, one Sunday, alone with him in a punt. George provided champagne and *foie-gras*.

Irene did justice to these good creatures, but she slept soundly for two hours afterwards, and was inclined to be irritable when George awakened her from her slumbers. After nine performances in one week, who, the nymph asked, could resist the beguilements of Nature's sweet restorer ?

And now she was engaged to a bounding mummer as unconscious of his bounds as a kangaroo !

He came back to his first love, and discovered her to be lovely. Not only lovely, but loveable. She had her little ways, the witch ! She lured a fellow on, because she disdained ordinary lures. Her small hand rested passively in his ; her eyes diffused softly the beams of friendship ; her smile could convey derision. He tried to read her smile. Was she saying to herself : ' Poor dear fellow, he left me for others ' ? And he had. That was the very deuce ! At this moment Jess and he might have been married, happy as larks. The squire would have welcomed her. Mr. Yeo would have given away his daughter to the Second in Command of Sloden-Pauncefort with majestic satisfaction. Why had he not trodden this smooth, rose-strewn path ? Why, indeed ?

He confided all this and more to the sympathetic ears of Miss Oldacre, in whom he recognised, intuitively, a friend and ally. Miss Oldacre had her weakness. She gloried in it. She was a matchmaker, what the Bretons call *une marieuse*, although she received no commission. Everybody knew that in her wonderful youth she had sent away the fairy prince because she was in love with the stage. She would remain in love with it to the last. And to-day, she accepted mothers' parts, invested them, even in Whitechapel, with a glamour which rose, like a softly-tinted iridescent mist, out of maternal instincts denied expression.

Nan Oldacre had another weakness. She adored beauty in its Protean forms, but the beauty of Man ranked first. George reminded her poignantly of the fairy prince whom she had sent sorrowfully away. And George was a dasher. He had the air, the stride, the limbs, and the features of a conqueror. Ouida would have acclaimed him as a hero. Miss Oldacre remained faithful to Ouida and her famous rival, Miss Braddon. In a sense Nan envisaged life with the eyes of those romantic novelists.

You may be sure she encouraged George.

The young man made haste slowly, which was not his habit. But Jess knew. He was as easy to read as ' Under Two Flags.' And she was desperately sorry for him, which made her more beguiling. An experienced young woman might have played a part :

hardening her face and sympathies. George would have fled from Manchester disillusioned for ever had Jess been capable of dowsing him with cold water. Her kindness misled him, warming him to great endeavour. He talked of his future in India.

'I shall go for big things, Jess. I mean to pass the higher standard and get on to the political side.'

'Can you, George?'

When he talked in this Cambyses' vein, she remembered his performance in the schoolroom at Sloden-Pauncefort, and his undaunted conviction that he would, despite this failure, be a welcome addition to the company. What a difference between him and Cherrington! The dramatist had raced away from examinations because he could pass them; the hussar, who could never spell accurately, raced at them. Life was certainly a perplexing problem.

'I feel,' declared the fervent George, 'that I can do anything, anything. I want a bit o' coaxin', perhaps a touch of the spur, what?'

Could Jess spur him on to disaster?

'If I were you, George, I'd stick to the regiment. In time you'll be squire of Sloden-Pauncefort. You haven't to fight, as some have, for your bread and butter.'

'I want more than that.'

She turned aside her eyes, not in maidenly modesty as the infatuated George supposed. He whispered confidentially:

'I expect you jolly well know what I want.'

'Do I? Don't we all want to live in our tiny air castles? And isn't it true that, fortunately perhaps, we don't. You wanted to live in a bungalow with Irene Seaton. You may live to thank God that she wanted something else.'

'Bar chaff, old thing. I'm well out of that. I never really loved her.'

'You thought you did; you told me so.'

'I was a blighted idiot. Cut Irene out.'

Jess went on gently:

'Do any of us know not what we want at a particular moment, but what is likely to satisfy us ten years hence?'

How could he guess that she was thinking of herself, not of him. He answered bluntly:

'Hang it all! The present is ours. Not the future. I pin my colours to the present. When I was in France I scrapped any temptation to worry about to-morrow.'

'Then why do you talk of the political side in India?'

George flushed.

'Well, I talked of that because I thought it would interest you. If it doesn't I'm sorry.'

She hastened to assure the rather huffed young man that she was interested both in his present and his future. To her relief, the too intimate talk was interrupted by Cherrington.

III.

Outwardly, at any rate, Cherrington had accepted disappointment gallantly. And Jess perceived that he was genuinely grieved at the death of Crewe, speaking of him—as Miss Oldacre did—with affection and unqualified admiration. The potential lover is, perhaps, never so attractive to a woman as when he is revealing, unconsciously, the selfless side of his nature. Jess, indeed, had thought to herself: 'This is a great test. If he bewails his bad luck, I shall turn from him. It may be detestable of me, but I dislike whiners.' Because he didn't whine, she was so sympathetic that he wondered whether his patience could stand a racking strain.

We must admit, however, that our dramatist became jealous of the hussar, which indicates modesty up to a point. Looking at George, knowing what he could offer, knowing also that Jess was really fond of him, Cherrington felt unhappy about his own prospects. Miss Oldacre fed the green-eyed monster with tidbits. She told Cherry that such an attractive pair ought to prance to the altar, that the maid was the complement of the man, and so forth. Cherrington was constrained to dissemble. He divined that Nan Oldacre would not encourage him as a suitor. None the less he hazarded a mild protest:

'Would you have her leave the stage?'

'Why not? All of us have assumed a certain responsibility in regard to little Jess. I don't dispute her cleverness as "Giggles." It's quite amazing. More so, perhaps, to me than to you. But her position is precarious. She is happy; she makes others happy; she distils happiness. *Bon!* I want her to remain happy. There are so few happy people.'

'But this good chap, intellectually, is fathoms below her.'

'True, Nature adjusts these discrepancies. Now you, Cherry, ought to marry rather a stupid wife.'

'Thanks most awfully.'

'I mean it. A clever wife is something of a bore to a clever man. Sooner or later there comes the clash of conflicting intelligences. You ought to take the ministering angel, who will subordinate herself to you and your ambitions. For you are very ambitious, my dear friend.

'Frankly, I am.'

'With your brains you ought to be. Pick the wee, crimson-tippit daisy girl.'

'Are there any left?' asked Cherrington.

He attended Crewe's funeral, leaving the hussar in undisputed possession of the virgin field. After the funeral he saw Lady Crewe. Her solicitude for his disappointment touched him deeply. She was quite candid with him. The theatre would be let to the highest bidder; the provincial tour of his play would run its appointed course. Nothing else was possible. Cherrington thanked her and took his leave. Up to the last, he had hoped against hope that luck would not fail him. He admitted luck as a dominant factor in the career of a dramatist; and he believed in his own luck.

Before leaving London, he interviewed one of the leading managers, who was not an actor, and therefore more independent. Also, he was of the old-fashioned type, a lover of English comedy, and proud of the traditions of the famous playhouse which he owned and controlled. He received Cherrington courteously and gave him an excellent cigar, listening attentively to what the young man said. He was quite aware of the Manchester success.

'I wish you could see my play, Mr. Orford.'

Orford pursed a dubious lip. Plays came to him; he was happily relieved of the necessity of going to plays. He would read the script with pleasure. But he concluded mellifluously:

'We have a winner here. It may run till next Christmas. I am pledged to produce its successor, and after that my plans are very uncertain. I dare not look too far ahead.'

'Gossip has it, Mr. Orford, that you are looking as far as New York.'

'I have no prejudice against American plays, or any plays. Send me your script. Who knows—— ?'

Cherrington took up his hat and gloves.

'One moment, Mr. Cherrington. I told you I didn't go often to plays. *Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!* But I have my runners, who report faithfully. Do you happen to know of any promising young actress? I am looking for somebody who does

not advertise in Thursday's *D.T.* I want a young, pretty, intelligent girl, indisputably a lady.'

Cherrington remained silent, ravaged by his thoughts. Orford apparently wanted just such a girl as Jess. It was known to everybody in the profession that Orford had his scouts—active, alert fellows who scurried through the provinces. Sorely was Cherrington tempted to hold his tongue.

'Wanted an unknown paragon! For what sort of part?'

'Can I rely upon your discretion?'

'You can.'

Orford looked keenly at him; the scrutiny was satisfactory.

'What I am telling you is absolutely confidential. I am losing one of my actresses. She is going out of the cast, marrying, leaving the stage altogether. No irreparable loss. She has not made good here, too many tricks. Musical comedy and revue have ruined her. She is horribly self-conscious. Between ourselves, I am glad to get rid of her. The part in question is an important part. It exacts an artlessness that is difficult to find, a sort of sanctified simplicity most engaging if it can be conveyed without taint of artificiality.'

'I understand.'

'I dare not risk failure. If I get the right sort from the provinces she must rehearse the part on approval. I insist on that.'

'When would you want her?'

'After Easter.'

Cherrington said with hesitation:

'I do know of somebody who might suit, but she happens to be playing in my comedy. I—I couldn't burke such a chance as this.'

Orford smiles benignantly.

'You are very generous. If I may say so, this theatre is and always has been the nursery of talent. Your protégée would be in safe keeping. And if she made good, there is a part for her in my next play. Humanly speaking, her future as an actress would be assured.

'I don't doubt that.'

Cherrington went away, after promising to write from Manchester. He had intended to dine at The Buskin, to cheer himself up with good fellowship and good fare. Instead, he dined alone at a small restaurant, hardly able to eat. Jess obsessed him. Her wonderful good luck captivated his lively imagination. Unable to eat with any enjoyment, he ordered coffee and a big cigar. He puffed at his cigar, thinking hard. Suddenly, with irrelevance, he

remembered his bet with Pellie. The bet had been about this very play at Orford's theatre. And the six weeks were up! He would get a tenner out of the old boy, and the satisfaction of knowing that he had predicted aright—Orford had a winner! A winner! What did it feel like to have a winner at Orford's theatre? Oddly enough, he couldn't recall the actress who had not made good. He must see the play again—at once. He paid his bill and hurried to the theatre. Yes, all the boards were out. *Stalls full—Dress Circle full—Upper boxes full—Pit* and *Gallery*. Wait—the boxes were not full. If Orford, which was extremely unlikely, happened to be in the theatre, he would give him a box. In a moment he learned that Orford was dining at his club. The clerk at the box-office was slightly known to Cherry, who explained what he wanted without compromising Orford. The clerk, a good fellow, had a word with the business manager. Just before the curtain went up Cherry found himself in a box, staring at the programme, a-quiver with excitement. At last! This was the part which was offered to Jess 'on appro.' A fine part, a part that carried with it a capital salary. And Orford was no pincher.

Throughout the comedy, he concentrated attention on the actress who was going out of the cast. Within five minutes he knew, as surely as mortal man can know anything in this uncertain world, that Jess could play the part. Before the final curtain fell, he was just as certain that she would triumph in it with proper coaching. Orford was right, absolutely right. The actress now playing had all the tricks, stereotyped tricks, that find favour with musical comedy audiences. She cast languishing glances at youths in the stalls, peacocked about the stage, grimaced, assumed absurd postures. And sweet simplicity was wanted, the very quality that positively exuded from Jess on or off the satge. What an opportunity!

Thoughts of self had vanished. His desire to serve the woman he loved became inordinate as the minutes passed. Nan Oldacre would study the part with Jess, a labour of love assuredly; Pellie would help with enthusiasm; before she presented herself to Orford she would have become, with her confounding aptitudes, the real right thing.

Yes; the affair was cut and dried.

He returned to his flat in West Kensington, lit a pipe, and flung himself into a big armchair, alive and alert to his finger tips and toes.

And then the cruel reaction set in.

Jess would go out of his cast; she would soar high above him.

He glanced at the familiar room. He had furnished it bit by bit, with ever-increasing satisfaction. There were many books, a few good prints, a piano, and his Chippendale bureau and chairs. A certain austerity informed the room. The walls were a cool, soft grey, a fine background for the mahogany. The carpet, also, was grey. And the sofa and armchairs were upholstered in black with grey peacocks upon them.

He eyed the general effect critically. What was wanted? A woman's magical touch. He could imagine what Jess would add—a brilliant cushion or two, flowers, porcelain . . .

If Jess were here . . .

He tried to visualise their life as husband and wife, the happy partnership, each working hard for a common end, a triumphant achievement, with Cupid enshrined in their hearts . . .

This flat which had sufficed him for several years would be empty for evermore unless it held Jess. Would she come? Would his patience be supremely rewarded?

An evil thought assailed him, gripped him with a stranglehold. Jess was ambitious. If he played skilfully upon her ambitions, if he used this wonderful opportunity to win her, she might be his. Expediency seemed to justify what he contemplated. Through Jess, if she triumphed, he would rise to heights. She would play in his plays!

He poured himself out a whisky and soda, and refilled his pipe, but now he was unable to sit down. He paced the small room, thinking hard, frowning and smiling alternately, reconstructing his plans with the ingenuity of a Machiavelli. His brain worked admirably and with astonishing detachment. How often he had paced this room working out some imaginary problem, creating the characters in a play, beholding them burst into life. He could remember killing a woman in fancy upon his own sofa! Killing a woman!

He stood still. The sense of aloofness abandoned him, his schemes slowly crumbled into dust. If he won Jess unfairly, would he kill her? What did she really want?

He began again, gropingly, picking his way through shadowy alleys, the *vias tenebrosas* of life. He was not what orthodox churchmen term a man of fixed principles, inasmuch as he held that nothing was absolutely fixed except death. His ideas, for example, concerning Right and Wrong, were in a state of flux. Right, in fine, lay far apart from Wrong—he admitted that—but between them stretched a No Man's Land, the debatable strip

where hapless mortals wandered hither and thither like sheep in a fog, herding together instinctively. He thought: 'I am alone in the fog; I have lost the flock.'

He felt horribly alone.

Presently he opened the window, and leaned out of it, inhaling the cold night air, gazing vacantly at lights twinkling out of the mirk. Darkness and light. One couldn't conceive of one without the other. The fancy seized him that lighted windows indicated companionship; the dark spaces suggested solitude. He shivered and closed the window, drawing the curtains.

Glancing at his watch, he decided that Jess must be in bed. Was she lying awake thinking of him or Apperton? Would this mind-distracting possibility of work in London wean her thoughts from the hussar? Another lever to achieve his ends.

With a brain dulled and fagged by intense concentration, he became conscious of physical fatigue and an odd craving for food. He always breakfasted at his flat. There was something, not much, in his larder—bacon, eggs, bread and butter. He fried some bacon in a chafing dish, and ate it with appetite. And he reflected, with grim humour, that most people were hungry after a funeral.

Fortified by the bacon, he piled coal upon his fire, and sat down again. The pea-soup fog had lifted. He realised that he had wandered back to the Light, a synonym for Right. Jess must be offered her great chance quite simply, without conditions imposed or suggested. Nothing else was possible for him.

A small clock upon the mantelpiece struck two solemn notes.

He went to bed and slept soundly.

IV.

Upon the eve of return to his regiment, George proposed—dashingly. He had considered the propriety of doing this by letter from Canterbury. But he reflected wisely that his spelling might provoke laughter. At the same time he was uncomfortably sensible that a man, if he counts himself a player of Cupid's game, cannot change partners quite as swiftly as at bridge. Probably he would have bided his time, but Jess, in a new frock, overpowered prudence. Miss Oldacre had assisted in the choice of this frock, and none knew better than she the value of appearances. Her taste in such matters was consummate. Part of her income was now derived from managers, like Orford, who appointed her Mistress of the Robes at important productions. We may surmise that she

wanted to see how Jess would look at her best, and not in the rags of 'Giggles.' The result justified and surpassed expectation.

When George beheld Jess in her new frock, he blinked.

'How the little filly has come on,' he thought. He was taking her out to luncheon, and by the ill luck of things (so far as he was concerned) Jess selected the restaurant where she had lunched with Cherrington. They actually sat at the same table.

George ordered a *déjeuner soigné*.

Solemnly, he invited Jess to drink champagne. She drank ginger beer!

'I shall have a pint of bubbly,' said George.

How could she help contrasting him with her dramatist? George, at first, talked volubly about himself, but he came to the conclusion that this topic of conversation no longer interested Jess as of yore. Fortified by the 'bubbly,' he began to throw bouquets at Jess.

'You've furnished up, old thing. I always say what I mean and mean what I say. The change in you is amazin'—a fair knock-out. And, mind you, I'm not only thinking of that scrumptious frock, but what's inside it. Hat's a bit of all right, too, but your little head is what interests me. I wish your people and mine—*and mine*—could see you.'

'They will,' said Jess smiling demurely.

'As old friends,' continued George very confidentially, 'I'd like to give you a tip or two.'

'That's very generous of you.'

'Not a bit. Lookers on, as you know, see most of the game.'

'Yes; I've been told so before.'

'You ought to chuck all this.'

'Why?'

George's method's were invariably intuitional. To assign reasons for his intuitions distressed him. Nevertheless, he tackled the question solemnly.

'You're too *fine* for the stage. I know. I've been there. God bless you, it would do me a power of good if such a little dear could profit by my unhappy experiences. I've got the whole thing figured out. What is the stage? What is it, I ask you?'

Jess replied as solemnly:

'It's a profession, George.'

'Not much. That's where you leave the rails. It's an

imitation of a profession, not a Simon-Pure article. It's—it's a land o' shams.'

George was so pleased with this effort that he summoned the wine waiter and ordered an old brandy with his coffee which cost him four shillings. He had not yet finished his *sole normande*, but a soldier looks ahead. When the waiter retired, visibly impressed, Jess repeated his words softly:

'A land of shams, is it?'

'You can bet your socks on that—I know.'

'But, George dear, I want to speak as seriously as you do. Isn't Sloden-Pauncefort a land of shams?'

George laid down his knife and fork. If we pause to consider him as a valiant trencherman, this has significance.

'Sloden-Pauncefort——?'

She nodded solemnly. She was not dissembling. George had submitted a problem, a nut to be cracked.

'Yes. At any rate it seems so to me. But, of course, I hav'n't your wonderful experience as a man of the world.'

'Of course you hav'n't, thank the Lord! But, go on. Explain yourself. Personally, I look upon the dear old village as a bit of God's country.'

'I am speaking of the villagers, not of the village.'

George tackled his sole again, almost viciously.

'The villagers? This is getting near the knuckle. Do you include your father and mine?'

'Well, yes.'

'You say my old daddy is a sham?'

'He has to be.'

'You astonish me, Jess; you do indeed.'

He looked astonished. His pleasant face was wrinkled by interrogation and perplexity, the more so because he grasped the essential fact that Jess was not joking; she meant what she said.

'Do I? Often I astonish myself. You see, George, at Sloden-Pauncefort I have had time to think things out. Perhaps the great difference between us is just this: that you take all these things for granted. So does your father; so does mine. Why I shouldn't walk in your ways, as my people do, bothers me, but there it is. Shall we leave out personalities? I don't want to say anything disagreeable about your father or mine. What I feel applies to all of us, more or less. The Duke of Sloden told me that everybody at the Castle, including himself, had to play a part. He

is constantly doing and saying what is not quite natural to him. At Sloden-Pauncefort the villagers, gentle and simple, are always acting. We call upon some of our neighbours and hope we shall find them out, or "not at home." We go to church whether we want to go or not. I was made to spend thousands of hours practising the piano although I have no turn for it. We girls are trained to suppress our feelings, to make a "visiting face," to pretend not to see what is under our noses. Mother calls it "keeping the blinds down." I have not been a dutiful daughter about that. I peeped. Sometimes I am inclined to thank mother for any success I have had here. She trained me to act. And so, George, if it is true that the stage is a land of shams, I see it as part of a world of shams.'

She laughed gaily.

George's mouth and heart were too full for speech. Jess appeared to him kaleidoscopic. Dimly he apprehended the futility of further argument. And, being a man of action, he thought to himself: 'I must get her out of this; she doesn't know where she is, bless her! She doesn't know that she's ridin' for a fall, ridin', with a loose rein, straight for a chalk pit.' Accordingly, he nodded and said with conviction:

'This is a jolly good sole.

Jess replied, showing a dimple:

'And so are you.'

After luncheon, George wondered where they could go. Rain prevented a brisk walk. But there must be some blessed place, a museum, for instance, a sanctuary for two pals who wanted to spend a couple of hours together.

Cherry had taken Jess to a picture gallery. She did not mention this to George, but it occurred to her that it might be amusing and profitable to test George as she had tested Cherry. Within a few minutes they found themselves opposite the very landscape that had provoked from the dramatist a dissertation on vibrations.

'What do you think of that?' asked Jess.

George cocked his handsome head. He was quite prepared to deal with pictures faithfully, as he dealt with horses. Of everything connected with the art of painting he was profoundly ignorant, but that made no difference to our hussar. A fellow knew whether he liked a thing. Eh, what? Fortified by this conviction, and warmed by the old brandy, George stigmatised the canvas in front of him as 'rotten.'

'Rotten?'

'What does it mean? I want a picture with a story to it. Are those fluffy smudges sheep? Good Lord! I could make a better stagger at painting a sheep myself.'

'Perhaps the artist didn't want us to look at the sheep. He is trying, I think, to get atmosphere. Sheep seen through a mist do look like fluffy smudges.'

George wandered on. He waxed enthusiastic when he discovered a horse with good bone.

'Now, Jess, this chap knows his job. Half the fellows who paint horses have never been on a horse. That horse measures a good nine inches below the knee—up to fifteen stone, which he ought to be with that heavy weight on his back. But where did he buy his boots? And that saddle was never made in London.'

Jess assented. This was expert criticism and amusing in its way. Presently, George found a comfortable velvet-covered couch upon which man and maid seated themselves. The rain could be heard pattering down upon the skylight above them; the room, at the moment, held no other visitors.

'Pictures rather bore me,' observed George. 'I cotton to live things. I'd sooner look at a piggy-wiggy than a Turner. In a sense I don't know that an up-to-date pigsty doesn't interest me more than a cathedral.'

'I love to hear you say so,' said Jess.

And she did. George's interest in simple things delighted her, appealing strongly to what was simple in her. She remembered what Cherry had said about the lure of the Wild. In the wilderness, George would be the better man, infinitely more resourceful and practical. She tried to see George and herself alone upon some coral islet of the Pacific—Adam and Eve in a primitive paradise. A sigh escaped her.

'Why do you sigh, Jess?'

'I was thinking of the unattainable.'

'Why bother with that?'

He edged closer. The sigh, somehow, captivated him, the plaintive note of weakness. George liked to think of women, collectively, as soft and sweetly dependent upon the male. He continued, dropping his voice:

'You aren't unhappy, are you?'

'Oh, no.'

'Have your people been nasty?'

'No. They are marking time about me, wondering which way I shall jump, up or down.'

'Well, I'm thinking of that, too. When you cut loose, I cheered. I told 'em that the war had changed you girls. I know all about that. I said: "Give her her head!" It was plucky of you to bolt, old thing. Bless your innocent heart, I understand you.'

'How wonderful of you, George!'

'Not at all. Live and learn! But, now, you've had your little fling, and you're all the better for it. I admit that.'

'Thanks.'

'And I've had mine. A fellow in the regiment said a smart thing to me the other day. I'd asked him why he weighed in at a simply putrid play full of beastliness, written, of course, by a foreigner. "I went to it," said he, "to make jolly well sure that I should never go to such a show again." Very sound that. It applies to me, b' Jove! I ran after Irene, and took a nasty toss, but never again. Quoth the raven: "Never more." But I'm grateful to Irene. Now, I know what to look for.'

Jess said hastily:

'How hard it's raining!'

'Let it rain—outside. We're pretty snug, eh?'

'Ye—es.'

'Just you and me. Jess, dear,' his voice shook a little, 'I cottoned to you when your hair was down your back. You gave me a curl. You cottoned to me. You—you nestled up, you darling. We were kids, but it was the right thing. I've behaved like an idiot, like a swine. I ought to have stuck to you tight as wax. Instead, I played about with half a dozen girls not fit to black your shoes. It's something—isn't it?—to have found that out. Now, I come back to my own little woman. I think of you night and day. I want you more than ever. Perhaps I'm rushing you. I can't help it. I'm off to-morrow. I must know where I stand. Where do I stand, Jess?'

He seized her hand, pressing it, but it lay gloved and passive in his ardent clasp. Almost was she swept off her feet. With George as dominant partner her future shone rosy and serene. Everybody would be pleased. She would return to Sloden-Pauncefort trailing clouds of glory. She asked herself if she was capable of feeling passion for any man? How many pure maids have asked themselves this crucial question? How many can answer it? Juliet had not been in doubt. But she had met so few Juliets. In her heart she desired to adore her future husband. Long ago, she had decided that love must be the supreme beatitude of life to a woman. But Love, the overmastering, overwhelming god,

omnipotent, seemed to have passed her by. Thrills, the quivering, vibrating pangs, had come to her on the stage, when she stood alone facing the glare of the footlights and the blare of a big audience. If Cherry or George could move her like that——! Young wives had whispered to her that these intoxicating emotions were aroused after marriage. . . . She stood, like Diana, surveying her lovers with chill aloofness.

None the less, George moved her maternally. And he was not likely to change much. He would remain, till the end, ingenuously boyish, candid, brave, and loyal. He would step into his father's shoes, and look exactly like him.

'Where do I stand?' he repeated softly.

'Where do I stand?' echoed Jess in a troubled voice. 'Perhaps I am different from other girls, more self-centred, I mean. You tempt me, George, you do indeed, because we are such good friends, because really I know you better than any other man. But I don't love you in the right way. It would be splendid if I did. I wish that I could. But I don't.'

George said humbly:

'That's all right, Jess. I'm an ass. I've rushed at this. I can imagine that a girl like you hesitates before she takes a man like me. I'm a bit shop-soiled, and you're fresh as dew.'

The dew gathered in her eyes as he spoke. Two drops trickled down her cheeks. Had he taken her in his arms and kissed them away, the ice about her heart might have melted. Her tears were not shed altogether for him. She knew that she was sorry for herself. Two good men and true wanted her. She believed that she might be happy with either. It was almost impossible to discriminate between them, although each was in many ways the antithesis of the other.

George stood up.

'I have made you cry, Jess. I could sit down and howl myself. Now, look here, I shall take you back to the hotel, pack my traps, and leave to-night. We shan't go to India for six months at least. Much may happen in that time. I can't take this as final. Cheer up!'

Jess said nothing.

V.

She went early to the theatre that night, to escape from Miss Oldacre's questions, and found Florrie alone in the dressing-room, staring sentimentally at Harry's photograph.

'He has proposed,' said Florrie.

For a moment Jess thought that Florrie was alluding to George.

'By letter,' added Florrie, 'I'd like to show it to you.'

'But—would he like me to see it?'

Florrie was quite sure that Harry wouldn't mind. The letter, presumably, had been copied from a work entitled: 'Courtship and Matrimony.' Jess, after perusing the billet, came to this conclusion because, long ago, she had bought the book at a railway bookstall, and it had beguiled refreshingly a long journey.

'I didn't know,' said Florrie, 'that Harry could write such a beautiful letter.'

'Have you answered it?' asked Jess, as she returned the billet.

'It only came to-night. I'm fair up the pole, dear. I can't say "Yes" and I won't say "No." Marrying would mean leaving the stage. Now, I ask you, am I going to leave the stage after my notices? Not likely. But I'm glad Harry proposed. It does show appreciation, doesn't it? He's the tenth this year. And I hav'n't said "No" to any of 'em.'

Jess wondered whether Florrie and she were 'sisters under their skins.' Was Florrie cold? She did not exactly convey that impression. By this time, Jess knew all about Harry. He was an electrician on his own, a minor profiteer, well able to keep a wife and a mother-in-law, a sober, hard-working, steady fellow.

'Have you ever been in love, Florrie?'

'Me? I'm always hopping in and out of love. Began when I was twelve. Never been without a boy since. But there, really and truly, between you and me, the trouble with me is that I think too much of a girl—myself! I love myself better than any boy.'

This was illuminating. Florrie continued airily, as she began her make-up:

'I mean to get there on me own. Any fool of a girl can marry and settle down to dull times. Matrimony *is* dull. You can't get away from that. Muds says so. None for me—yet. I'll bet you feel just the same.'

Truly, the perspicacity of the little baggage was disconcerting. The belated entrance of Muds, bearing with her a whiff of sherry, cut short a promising duologue.

That night Jess played badly. She knew it; and the company knew it. Florrie, after the last act, said with brutal frankness:

'Lucky for you Mr. Cherrington wasn't in front. He may be sweet on you, but your performance was the limit. I counted the laughs you lost. So did The Owl. You'll hear from him. Anything wrong?'

'Nothing.'

'That's what we all say when our little hearts are breaking.'

Jess shared a taxi with Miss Oldacre back to the hotel, where supper for two only was awaiting them. Pellie had said farewell to Manchester with many regrets, but he was producing another play elsewhere. As soon as they were alone in the taxi Jess said to Miss Oldacre:

'I played vilely to-night.'

The sagacious lady laughed, pressing the arm close to hers.

'Perhaps you have something to tell me.'

'Yes, but not now.'

'Certainly not. I was never in a taxi with a more unromantic smell about it. You must tell your tale after supper.'

Jess wondered if George possessed histrionic powers—hitherto undiscovered. Obviously, Miss Oldacre believed that the hussar was returning to Canterbury a happy man, leaving behind him a love-sick girl unable to get her laughs. George had taken leave of Miss Oldacre before the performance, presenting a black silk bag, mounted in tortoiseshell, with a cypher in gold. Miss Oldacre was charmed alike with the gift and the words that followed.

'The bag isn't empty,' said George. 'It is bursting with my thanks and good wishes.'

'*Le beau sabreur*,' commented the lady.

'Your playing never varies,' said Jess.

'Oh doesn't it? I can't play when I'm out of temper with myself. No woman can. To give our best, we must feel our best. Your success here is largely due to the fact that you're such a happy little creature.'

'But "Giggles" isn't happy.'

'You don't quite understand me. With a mind at ease, an actress can concentrate upon her part, give it undivided attention. Cultivate the easy mind.'

'Can it be cultivated?'

'Certainly. Provided you have a good digestion. The easy mind is unattainable with an uneasy stomach.'

At the hotel, a surprise was in store for them. As they entered the parlour, they saw Cherrington mixing a salad with a beaming face.

(*To be continued.*)

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

It has been said that the fathers and mothers of men of genius are themselves invariably of extraordinary character, but probably if a sympathetic record were made of any father and mother in the world they would be found to have many striking and original points. This is certainly the utmost that can be said of Walter Scott the elder and Anne Rutherford his wife. They present clear but not extraordinary personalities; they were brave and scrupulous and honest, content with appalling Presbyterian routine; they found their pleasures in strange but respectable places, and in spite of plentiful cash and prosperity were on the whole as unhappy as the rest of us.

Walter Scott the elder was born in 1729. His father was Farmer Robert of Sandyknowe, a calculating man who realised that a Borderer in the legal profession would do exceedingly well among the wealthy peers and the quarrelsome lairds and farmers of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Dumfries. Recall Dandie Dinmont's final excuse for going to law, after several fights with Jock o' Dawston Cleugh, about his boundary, the difference amounting to the feeding of one sheep: 'Besides, a man's aye the better thought o' in our country for having been afore the Fifteen,' that is, for having a lawsuit in the Court of Session at Edinburgh. So young Walter, the eldest of the family, was duly sent to the capital and apprenticed to an attorney there. His father paid the handsome sum required of solicitors who join the Society of Writers to the Signet—at present it is about £500—bought him also a partnership with another W.S., and the Border connection brought him an extensive practice.

His portrait shows a face of soft sweetness and melancholy, decidedly a conscientious face. He was noted among all his acquaintance for gentleness. Sir Walter said that his father's face and figure were uncommonly handsome, that his manners were rather formal—to the twentieth century this would mean vastly more than it meant in 1808 when Sir Walter wrote—and that his habits were abstemious, though when on occasion wine was produced a single glass or two exhilarated him greatly.

Mrs. Cockburn, the lady who spoiled the ancient ballad of

The Flowers of the Forest and did worse by providing occasion for the supersession of the exquisite ancient melody—now raising itself again—was one of his early friends. Among the serious amusements at the parties of that young generation were toasts laboriously prepared beforehand in descriptive verse, and with no names mentioned. It was a point of honour that recognition of the description should be instantaneous and unanimous. Think of the pride of the young lawyer when he heard the following verses of Mrs. Cockburn's recited, and when the company, as generous of mind as himself, rose to their feet and all together pointing to him shouted 'To Walter Scott!':

To a thing that's uncommon,
A youth of discretion,
Who though vastly handsome
Despises flirtation;
To the friend in affliction,
The heart of affection
Who may hear the last trump
Without dread of detection.

In April 1758 when he was about twenty-nine he married Anne Rutherford, eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in Edinburgh University. She was then either eighteen or nineteen. Her mother was a Swinton, and had died early; her father had married again and had or was soon to have several other children, one of whom, Christian Rutherford, the dearly loved Miss Christie, was to be to Sir Walter rather a sister than an aunt. Even Lockhart significantly says that Anne Rutherford 'was short of stature and by no means comely.' It would hardly have been natural for the handsome Walter to have mated with his own type, and the world has good reason to thank him: he chose well. Her portrait shows her very plain indeed, with a sagacious face that I am sure could light up with laughter nearly as luminously as her son's. She had a light and happy temper, had great pleasure in verse, and was, as the respectable of her generation in Scotland all were, a bit religious.

She had had what was considered a good education and was 'finished off' by the Hon. Mrs. Ogilvie, a lady who trained her pupils to a style of manners which was very soon to be considered intolerably stiff. It is said that women live greatly on the memory of a good school. This is not true of those women who fall in love joyously and once for ever in youth, but of others it may be very

true. It certainly must have been true of Anne Scott. So intensely was this correctness of school deportment burned into the souls of those children that even when about eighty years old Mrs. Scott took extreme care to avoid touching her chair with her back.

The young couple began their married life in a house or flat belonging to the lawyer in the College Wynd, apparently touching the existing Chambers Street, and here thirteen years afterwards Sir Walter was born. But disaster after disaster overwhelmed the bride and bridegroom. All their first *six* children were born alive and perished in infancy. It is curious that Sir Walter was the second child to be named Walter and that Robert, the eldest who survived, was the third who bore that name. Apparently Walter Scott the elder was not easily frightened by superstitious notions of ill-luck, but he did ultimately come to the conclusion that the confined surroundings and general lack of sanitation of College Wynd were responsible for the deaths of his children. Accordingly in 1771, shortly after Walter was born, they removed to George Square, a locality which even yet is roomy and open. About that time there was a general exodus of the upper classes from the huge tenements of the walled city, with its manure-heaps on the streets, and with its roaming fat pigs on whose backs might occasionally be seen the future leaders of fashion, exercising at the age of seven or nine their instincts of publicity. Just then began the building of the spacious and stately New Town of Edinburgh, the plan of which as an example of civics before 1800 is even more worthy of the attention of strangers than the Castle and Holyrood, and is a great contrast to the narrow and confined development of the city since then.

Mrs. Scott's father, the professor of medicine, lectured to his students in Latin. When prescribing for his patients it was his custom at the same time to offer a prayer for the accompanying blessing of heaven, 'a laudable practice,' says the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, the tutor of the children, 'in which I fear he has not been generally imitated by those of his profession.' The reverend gentleman afterwards obtained a church in Montrose and got 'an electrical shock' when Walter Scott, advocate, spent a night with him and told him he was collecting 'ancient ballads and traditional stories about fairies, witches, and ghosts.' This was the gentleman who wrote that *he was generally given to understand* that the Novels were of a more pure and unexceptionable nature than characterised other writings of the kind.

But I return to the prayer from which the reverend gentleman, one of a thousand beautiful characters associated with Scott, beguiled us. Professor Rutherford no doubt increased the number of his patients by his addition to the dreary routine of his half-dozen prescriptions. Picture the sensations of the patient of to-day who in such a manner should have his faith in the infallible bottle destroyed by the prescriber himself!

Of the six children who survived and matured, one was a girl, Anne, a year younger than Sir Walter, who observed that from her cradle she was the hunted victim of mischance, that her childhood was full of escapes from the most perilous accidents, maiming, burning, drowning, and that she lived chiefly in a world of her own imagination. She was never well, and she died at twenty-nine.

Robert, the eldest of the family, entered the Navy but quarrelled with his fellow-officers and resigned. He joined the East India Company's service and died of fever before 1808, when he could not have been more than forty-one. John, the second, was born about 1769. He got a commission in the Army, but when campaigning ruined his health he retired with the rank of major and stayed in Edinburgh with his mother. He died in 1816 at the age of forty-seven. Thomas, the poet's favourite brother, was two years younger than he. He inherited the law business of his father, speculated, failed, fled, and after some vicissitudes died in 1823 at the age of fifty. Lastly, the youngest of the family, Daniel, the black sheep, and the heart-break, died before he was thirty, leaving as a last blow to the proud family an illegitimate son whom Mrs. Scott either took into her house or supported elsewhere till she died. At her death Walter, who had refused even to go to Daniel's funeral, a frightful blow from a Scott, became responsible for the boy's support.

It is difficult to give a complete picture of the household at George Square as the children grew up. The intense care and watchfulness of the mother and the anxiety of the father may be assumed from their pathetic search for a cure of the lameness that resulted from Walter's acute poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis. For years they tried every doctor and every quack who had an opinion on the subject. Few things that money could supply, however, were lacking to the children of the prosperous attorney. As the boys grew he gave them a tutor who lived in the house with them. Walter at one time had lessons in painting and drawing from two different masters, though he himself afterwards said that he could make progress in neither. A singing-master was

provided for the children, and as is so often the case with instruction in the arts in this island it was wasted. The lady next door, exasperated at the yowls of the young Scotts, sent a message begging that the children might not *all* be flogged precisely at the same hour because the noise when they yelled together was really dreadful, though, she added, no doubt their punishment was deserved. Robert was the only one of the six who could sing.

Walter Scott senior was intensely religious. He and his wife were Presbyterian of the Presbyterians and took their family to the long sermons of the kirk at least twice every Sunday. On the Sunday evenings father and mother sat in their chairs in the drawing-room of a darkened silent house, surrounded by the whole roll of the children. The father read a long gloomy sermon from beginning to inexorable end. Then . . . another. And another. The servants were called in, and both servants and children were examined on the Church catechism and on the two sermons they had heard at church. The children and servants disposed of, the family tutor, who had passed through the theological college but had not yet succeeded in obtaining a church, examined the head of the house and the lady, and 'concluded with prayer.'

Walter, the boy with the marvellous memory, rather puzzled his father at these Sunday evening examinations. He was always of a drowsy disposition and in spite of example and precept he slept in church. Apparently he listened to the text and to the preacher's preliminary statement of the divisions he proposed to discuss, then settled to sleep: his imagination or experience or possibly a few odd moments of wakefulness supplied the rest, for he was always ready to tell everything the minister had said—an example to the other children of the intellectual benefits of sleep.

In early manhood, when writing to Miss Christie, he let himself go on the subject of the Fast week which preceded the half-yearly communion. 'This being sermon week we are looking very religious and very sour at home. However, it is with some folk that in proportion as they are pure themselves they are entitled to render uncomfortable those whom they consider less perfect.' This is a hit at his father.

These were Sir Walter's boyhood Sundays. The impatient, silent children endured them with rebellion in their hearts and awaited the moment when the intolerable gloom would lift and they would be allowed to breathe the clear air of *The Pilgrim's Progress* and one half-dozen other permitted books, or at least would be

allowed to talk. Looking back on it all from his serene manhood and from his success Sir Walter dismissed the sombre repression with impatient contempt. 'In the end it did none of us any good,' he said.

It was partly an affair of the age and partly an expression of the temperament of the Writer to the Signet. He was a very serious man. Curious to think of a W.S. sitting alone in his *real* study where he must not be disturbed (no golf links, theatres, week-ends nor even dinners in his mind), and supposed by wife and children to be busy over Dirleton's 'Doubts' or Stair's 'Decisions,' heavy lawbooks, but really wrapt up in complete enjoyment hour after hour of Spottiswood's or Woodrow's theological works.

A rich farmer about Haddington who had a case in the Court of Session came up from the country and approached Walter Scott senior one Sunday asking for a look at the papers in the case. The Sabbatarian lawyer suggested that the next day would do equally well but the client was not to be denied. Scott found the papers, delivered them to the farmer, and said that it was not his habit to do business on Sundays, but added a trifle bitterly that the farmer would have no difficulty in finding lawyers in Edinburgh who would have no such scruple; and so he washed his hands of a good case.

His religion must have meant a great deal to him, but in one instance it appeared to affect his judgment. Scott himself told Lockhart that it was a common thing at table if anybody said that the soup was good for his father to taste it again and say 'Yes, it is too good, bairns!' and pour a tumbler of cold water into his own plate. Apparently if attention had not been called to the merits of the soup Scott would have enjoyed it warm and flavoured, but simply because attention was drawn to its goodness he sacrificed it to the envious gods.

He was not an absolute bigot: though religious he apparently gave way to reason in play-acting, the special horror and ignorance of the pious of that age. The children had their own little theatricals in the dining-room and were countenanced if not encouraged. When they tackled scenes from *Richard III.* it was Walter who remarked that he would do Gloucester because the limp would do well enough to represent the hump.

In those days a successful lawyer thought it a shame that a beggar (though duly licensed to beg) should have mutton to his dinner whether his begging was successful or not. Let those who

do not know or do not remember the exquisite story of Scott and the old Bluegown beggar read it in chapter VI. of Lockhart's 'Life.' The point I wish to make is its more exquisite conclusion. Walter told his mother how he had dined off a gigot of mutton, potatoes and whiskey (he was nineteen) at the house of his fellow-student, son of the beggar, and asked her whether the student could be got a place as tutor in some gentleman's family. He suggested that his father would have influence enough, but his mother's knowledge of his father made an unexpected objection.

'Dinna speak to your father about it,' she said. 'If it had been a shoulder he might have thought less, *but he will say the gigot was a sin.* I'll see what I can do.' And sure enough her minister got the lad a position as tutor.

But Mrs. Scott was able to take extreme liberties with her husband when she cared. A sedan chair came to the house door every evening of one autumn, and a man, very much muffled, came out of it, was immediately ushered into the lawyer's study and worked there with him till long after the bedtime of the rest of the family. Mrs. Scott repeatedly asked who and what he was, but the lawyer evaded her inquiries and told her nothing. Another man would have gone to his office and would have received his visitor there, but the open-hearted lawyer was not built that way. He told his wife that the man was not worth bothering about, and refused to discuss him. To this generation when it is believed that Cabinet ministers not only inform their wives but even their newspapers of anything and everything of importance, this distaste or distrust seems strange, and still stranger appears the independent way in which Mrs. Scott solved the problem.

One evening just as the stranger was about to go she went into the room and made a little speech about the cup of tea she brought on a tray. So she got a good stare at the stranger. Thunder sat on her meek husband's brow and he refused to take the tea, but the well-mannered stranger took his. He was Murray of Broughton, who had been secretary to Prince Charles and whose evidence had sent many to the scaffold. Walter Scott, though apparently bound to do some business with him, detested him and would not show him any hospitality nor exchange any act of friendship with him. When he left, the lawyer opened the window and flung into the street the cup from which the stranger had drunk.

How limited the amusements of this conscientious lawyer were, and how painstaking his son was, another anecdote shows. Walter copied out twice his notes of the Scots Law class, had one set of

volumes bound and gave them to his father. The old man declared that he was highly pleased with them, not only as proof of Walter's assiduity but because the lectures would give him very pleasant reading for leisure hours.

He positively loved funerals. The man who had buried his six firstborn might have had enough of the ceremonies attendant on death, but his appetite for melancholy grew with indulgence. This is common in Scotland, and probably elsewhere. One aspect of the attraction of funerals is illustrated in the story of the working farmer, who cautiously approached his one ploughman with news of a soirée.

'And whit aboot Jock's funeral?' asked the canny ploughman.

'I thoucht o' gaein to Jock's funeral mysel,' ventured the farmer.

'I winna hae't. There's mair fun at ae guid funeral than at fifty sorrees.'

It was not the whiskey and the dinner, however, but the sombre pageant that appealed to the lawyer. He himself cut a stately figure in his black knee-breeches, with laced coat and ruffles, and he enjoyed himself immensely. He kept a long list of cousins, second-cousins, cousins by marriage and other remote relations continually in countenance, and his son's opinion was that his interest in them was chiefly to attend their funerals, *some of which he even paid for*. Considering what funerals were in the eighteenth century this must have been an expensive hobby.

It is difficult at times to regard the ways of Providence with patience. Who does not know men of sixty and seventy, even one or two of eighty who are with impunity gluttonous, hard drinkers, self-indulgent? Yet it was to this conscientious, abstemious man of regular habits that apoplexy, popularly supposed to be the result of over-indulgence, came at the age of sixty-eight. For two years he lingered, irritable with everybody, thankless, passionate, driving the household distracted, while the undaunted little wife and mother, daughterless though she was, attended on him and sacrificed herself to him.

There is not much said by Lockhart about the relations of father and son, but I suspect that there was some estrangement, and that there were occasional rows even before the father's shock. The father objected to the son's walking tours, especially when he went off for a day and stayed for a week, objected also to Walter's lack of concentration. He appears to have objected heartily and openly to the publication of verse by the young advocate, and I have little doubt that the poet's lack of success at the Bar

worried the ageing father greatly. On the other side the son objected to the sourness and gloom of the religious observances forced by the elder on the whole household, and when he lost both parents it was chiefly his mother's memory that he cherished. His letter to her, written from London when he got the news of his father's death, is an appalling document:

'Your own principles of virtue and religion will, I well know, be your best support in this heaviest of human afflictions. The removal of my regretted parent from this earthly scene is to him doubtless the happiest change. . . '

There is a terrible paragraph of sixteen words in Lockhart. After illustrating the burden that old Walter during his illness was to his family, treating his womenfolk to passionate outbursts and continual unreasonableness, he adds:

'I have lived to see the curtain rise and fall once more on a like scene.'

Anne Scott lived for twenty years and a half after her husband. The house that for two years had been all gloom brightened again; she received visitors, especially delighted in Walter's children, and opened her maternal heart to nurse another strong man fallen by the wayside, her son John who retired from the army broken in health. He too died before her, and at the age of seventy-nine or eighty she was his constant nurse.

She had about £300 a year, of which a good third went in charities of her own. On the remainder she was able to keep a quietly hospitable house. Out of his superabundance Sir Walter often offered her assistance which was scornfully and affectionately refused every time. She lived to see her lame son a baronet, to read not only his verses but his novels, and to point out to her visitors the discrepancies between Walter's plots and the real stories. He attributed a good deal of his knowledge of the manners and habits of the two or three preceding generations to her conversation. She had a fine memory and a gift for telling stories, had all the Scottish passion for genealogy and could rattle off the ancestry of everybody she knew or had ever heard of. She had proverbs also for every occasion, and two of them were often in Sir Walter's mouth: 'We must do as we *dow*,' that is, as we can do, and

'Well betides
Her that bides.'

Both of these illustrate a patient mind and a happy knack of minimising present trouble.

On a Saturday in December 1819 the baronet visited his mother and found her well. Next day the girls Sophia and Anne had tea with her, and found the old lady in fine spirits, telling her best stories over again with great gusto, as we all do. On the Monday she had a seizure. Helpless, but apparently suffering no pain, she gradually slept away on Christmas Eve.

A few days before her death the trembling hand of eighty had inscribed her dearest possession, a large Bible in two volumes and a gift from her father, 'To my dear son, Walter Scott, from his affectionate mother, Anne Rutherford.'

It gave Sir Walter an exquisite pang of grief when he came into her house after she had for ever parted from him, to behold the array of presents that she had bought or made ready with her hands for him and the rest of her dear ones against the New Year. His letter to Lady Louisa Stewart telling her of his mother's death is tender and proud and homely, a beautiful expression of affection.

When in September 1832, nearly thirteen years afterwards, Sir Walter's own executors, searching for his will, opened his desk they found arranged in it in careful order a series of articles that had apparently been placed so that he might have them before his eyes as he began his morning tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had stood on his mother's dressing-table, which he had studied a thousand times when as a sickly child he had slept in her bedroom; the silver taper-stand that he had bought her with his first five-guinea fee; his father's snuff-box and étui-case and other such things.

This is on the whole a sombre record, but that is because the recorded facts are chiefly sombre. I have little doubt that Walter and Anne Scott enjoyed their lives. In his prime the lawyer was continually touring the Borders on business—and then he had his funerals; in her maturity the mother of the famous Walter must have had intense pride in his fame and success, though this was utterly denied to her husband. Much more she had to rejoice in, with much to sorrow over. Anyway at the age of eighty she was happy pouring out tea for her grandchildren, telling them her favourite stories and enjoying the bright courtesy of their youthfulness. I am convinced that to herself her life was a satisfactory one.

ARCHIBALD STALKER.

WEALTH AND WORKERS.—III.

FURTHER DISCUSSIONS AT MEETINGS OF THE 'GOODWILL' CLUB.

I.

PRESIDENT.—Ladies and gentlemen, I think it would be a good thing for me to remind you of the points upon which we have found ourselves in agreement at our previous meetings before we begin our discussion to-night. The Goodwill Club represents all classes of the community, and if we want to live up to our name we must never allow ourselves to forget the golden book in which we have accumulated the fruits of our discussions. For then we shall remember that we are all bound by the same economic laws, and that we all have the same end in view—namely, the good of the whole community.

At our first meetings we agreed that high wages do not depend upon the amount of money received, but upon the relation of that money to the cost of living, and we saw that you cannot keep a high standard of wages without a high standard of production, for wages are ultimately paid out of production, and the cost of living depends on production. We also saw that labour, management, and capital all play their part in production, and that economic prosperity depends upon all three playing the game and working smoothly together. We found that labour does not always understand the risk which capital has to take, that capital is savings applied to the production of wealth, and that if you want to encourage people to save and to risk their savings in production you must give them the chance of making profits.

We also saw that capital fails sometimes to appreciate its obligations towards labour, and does not realise that contented and interested workers are equally essential to production and to the good of the community as a whole. And so we came to the conclusion that unreasonable strikes and unreasonable profiteering were both equally fatal to the prosperity and happiness of the State.

We therefore agreed that there were really two main points to consider: How to obtain the maximum production, and how to ensure that the wealth so created is fairly distributed.

It was suggested that nationalisation of industries might solve the problem, but we came to the conclusion that the State does not necessarily make a better employer than the individual or even than companies, since the personal element is lacking, and we also saw that if people are not personally interested in the results of their work you won't get that extra effort out of them which just makes the difference. We agreed that in some cases State control by doing away with overlapping might be a good thing, but we came to the conclusion that it was not a class question but a purely economic one, and only to be employed where absolutely necessary, and it was suggested that some form of profit-sharing would solve both our difficulties—by making people interested in their work and so helping production, and by ensuring that profits were fairly divided between labour and capital.

ARTIST. I think people ought to be interested in their work for its own sake.

UNSKILLED LABOUR. How can you be when your work is always changing ?

SKILLED LABOUR. If I were building a whole house I might possibly be interested in building a particularly nice house . . .

MERCHANT. But you would probably have to build twenty houses of exactly the same pattern.

SKILLED LABOURER. Yes, and if I have simply got to lay so many bricks a day, I can't get much pleasure out of that ; or turn the handle of a machine, or pack things in a box, or . . .

ARTIST. But you can do it quicker and better than other people.

MERCHANT. Ah ! the Union will stop them doing that.

SKILLED LABOURER. Well, if we don't get anything out of it by doing it better than other people, why should we work for . . .

WIDOW. But are you not often paid by piece-work ? It seems to me that if labour were paid for the amount of work it does and left free to do as much as possible, that is practically profit-sharing, or just as good.

MANUFACTURER. No, that is quite a different thing. I think it is a very good plan, because it gives a good man a chance—provided he has got a free hand. But it is not profit-sharing. It is simply another form of wages.

WIDOW. I don't quite follow that.

MANUFACTURER. Well, the main difference is that in the case of piece-work the extra remuneration falls on cost and so may put

up prices, whereas in the case of profit-sharing the extra amount the workman receives comes out of profits after the article is sold. You see, when I am deciding how much I can afford to produce, and what risks I can take with the capital at my disposal, if I have got to pay out more in wages before I sell my goods I can't afford to produce so much, or I must charge more for my goods. But if I pay less in wages I should be quite prepared to pay more to labour afterwards out of my profits, if the profits are large enough.

SKILLED LABOURER. Ah! there you are! So we should get less than our proper wages, and have to trust to our employer making up the difference out of profits—if they are large enough!

PRESIDENT. No, that is all wrong. Profit-sharing must be an addition to full wages; it is not withheld wages or it is not profit-sharing. It must be an addition to full wages in whatever form those wages are paid.

WIDOW. So that even in the case of piece-work you could have profit-sharing afterwards?

PRESIDENT. Yes. The whole point of profit-sharing is that it is not withheld wages but something in addition to wages; an interest in the results of the business outside wages altogether.

MANUFACTURER. Well, that may be theoretically true, but then labour would share in the profits without sharing in the risks, and that would be absurd.

BANKER. Tell me, manufacturer, if your men shared in your profits, don't you think they would do better work?

MANUFACTURER. Yes, I agree. They would not so much work harder as work more intelligently. They would all be interested in avoiding waste, for instance, and economising time.

BANKER. And how much difference do you think that would make to you?

MANUFACTURER. Oh, I should think it would increase production by about 20 per cent.

BANKER. Then if there are no extra profits to distribute your men will have given you 20 per cent. extra work, or an advantage of 20 per cent., and will get nothing out of it.

MANUFACTURER. Yes, I suppose that is true.

BANKER. So, you see, they do share the risk. You risk extra money, they risk extra energy, thought, and work.

PRESIDENT. Well, then, here are our first two points: *profit-sharing must be an addition to wages, and in no respect withheld wages*

—*and workers risk their extra energy* as capitalists risk their money. Do all agree to that?

ALL. Yes.

PRESIDENT. Mr. Secretary, write those down.

MANUFACTURER. Of course, I can only agree on condition that I get unrestricted production. I can't afford to give away part of my profits unless I get better work out of my men, unless they share in the risk in the way Banker has described it.

BANKER. Yes, I think that is fair. In many businesses the turnover is so large in proportion to the capital employed, and the profits are so small in proportion to the amount that goes in wages, that there would not be much to distribute among labour out of profits unless the effect of profit-sharing is to increase production very considerably.

WIDOW. I don't quite follow.

BANKER. Well, a business with a capital of £100,000 will perhaps pay out in wages more than three or four times that amount during the year. If it makes £20,000 in profits it does very well, but that amount does not leave very much to split up between capital and the enormous amount of labour which was employed to produce that profit, so that unless profit-sharing materially increases the output and the profits, it will not make much difference to labour.

SKILLED LABOURER. In other words, we are to be asked to give up our Trade Unions for the privilege of working twice as hard on the chance of getting at most a very small bonus at the end of the year! A pretty scheme that!

PRESIDENT. But no one has suggested your giving up your Union!

SKILLED LABOURER. Well, what good would the Unions be? Manufacturer says he must have unrestricted output, and that means we should be sweated, and then if we struck we should probably not get our share of the profits.

MERCHANT. Oh, there would have to be agreements on both sides.

SKILLED LABOURER. And once you have agreements where do the Trade Unions come in?

PRESIDENT. I think, you know, that we have already answered your points, Skilled Labourer. We have already agreed that profit-sharing must be something outside wages altogether, both from the point of view of employer and employed. Wages are part of the

cost of production, and are bound by economic laws; they will always be the main basis, and standard wages will always have to be fixed. Profit-sharing is more in the nature of a dividend, or interest on wages, and will always be comparatively small. But it should be enough, we hope, to make labour more contented and give it an interest in its work. Trades Unions will always be necessary to ensure that labour gets a proper standard wage.

SKILLED LABOURER. Well, what about unrestricted production?

MERCHANT. If Trade Unions are going to restrict production for the sake of restricting production, then the sooner they go the better.

SKILLED LABOURER. There you are!

PRESIDENT. Come now, we have agreed at our first meeting that restricted production for the sake of creating employment is a fallacy. But it is equally wrong and to nobody's advantage that labour should have to work for such long hours that it becomes degraded, unhappy, and inefficient. It is right that labour should be protected in this respect. But from what Manufacturer said just now, I gather that he expects better work, more intelligent work, avoidance of waste, and so on, from labour, and this he expects to get from a profit-sharing scheme.

SKILLED LABOURER. Then who is to protect labour from longer hours?

PRESIDENT. The Unions.

MERCHANT. There you are!

BANKER. Yes, so long as the Unions protect labour from inadequate wages and over-long hours they are justified, for both are really uneconomic. It is to everyone's interest that labour should be contented and interested in its work, and I must say I think that some sort of profit-sharing scheme would help to bring this about.

UNSKILLED LABOUR. Yes; I know, and so you will tempt labour away from the Trade Unions.

MERCHANT. Well, surely you don't suggest keeping labour poor and discontented in order to maintain their interest in the Unions?

PRESIDENT. No, no. The Unions will still be necessary and even welcome if they play the game. We have already agreed that profit-sharing must be something quite distinct from wages, and I think we can also agree that *Trade Unions will still be able*

to play their part in securing fair standard wages and reasonable hours.

ALL. Yes.

PRESIDENT. Mr. Secretary, write that down.

MANUFACTURER. But you must leave the men free to work as hard as they want to. Within the limits of reasonable hours you must not restrict their production.

PRESIDENT. Yes, I think we may add to the above, *but they must not restrict production within those limits.*

ALL. Yes.

PRESIDENT. Mr. Secretary, write that down.

MERCHANT. But the trouble is—where are you going to stop if you allow the Unions to go on fighting for better terms ? Directly you give them one set of wages and one set of hours, they will ask for more wages and less hours. When are you going to reach the limit ? Prices and wages will still go on chasing each other !

PRESIDENT. Yes, there will always be that question to a certain extent. But we have all agreed that we are bound by the economic laws of production and of supply and demand. If labour asks too much it defeats its own purpose, for works have to close down, prices rise, and unemployment and distress follow. Now, it seems to me that under a system of profit-sharing the men are much more likely to take a reasonable and just view than if they have no interest in the results of their work.

BANKER. Particularly if they realise what Manufacturer told us at the beginning, that *an employer can afford to give away more to labour if part of what he gives away comes out of profits and does not fall upon cost of production.*

PRESIDENT. That is a most important point, Mr. Secretary, write that down.

SKILLED LABOURER. Yes, so long as we are not done out of fair wages, I think we should be happier and less likely to quarrel if we shared in the profits.

MERCHANT. Well, that wouldn't suit the Unions at all. They live on other people's quarrels.

PRESIDENT. That depends upon whether the Unions exist for the men, or the men exist for the Unions !

UNSKILLED LABOURER. After all, when we go on strike, bang go our funds. You seem to think that going on strike is a pleasure ! You don't seem to have any idea of what it really means to us !

MANUFACTURER. It seems a pity the Unions don't take the same view! Whenever . . .

PRESIDENT. I think it is time we closed for to-night. And please let us remember that in this Club, at any rate, nobody believes in the misuse of the powers either of organised labour or of organised capital, for we know that in either case we are cutting our own throats. Let us consider at our next meeting whether in profit-sharing we have not really hit upon the best means of securing that goodwill without which we shall never attain prosperity and industrial peace.

II.

PRESIDENT. Ladies and gentlemen, at our last meeting we were discussing profit-sharing. We did not go into the various forms which it can take, pure profit-sharing, co-operative enterprise, or co-partnership. Shall we discuss these now?

BANKER. No, I think that would complicate matters too much for the present. Besides, every industry presents its own special problems, and indeed every business within an industry has its own special circumstances to be considered. We have not really decided yet whether we all agree on the value of the principle of sharing profits between labour and capital. Everyone seems rather suspicious about it.

WIDOW. That is the worst of it. It is rather like the case of a doubtful boiled egg at breakfast. If once you suspect it, no amount of smelling will convince you that it is fresh.

PRESIDENT. Yes. Let us remind ourselves, at any rate, of those points upon which we have already found ourselves in agreement. There are two main ones, I think. We agreed that the employer can afford to give more away to labour if part of it comes out of profit than if the whole of it falls upon cost—at any rate without raising prices. We also agreed that you will get better work, not necessarily more work, but more intelligent work, out of labour if labour is interested in the results of its work.

WIDOW. It is not only a question of production either, it seems to me. After all, happiness, not wealth, is what we all really want, and labour ought to be interested in the results of its work, otherwise its life is bound to be drudgery unless its work happens to be interesting for its own sake.

MANUFACTURER. The worst of it is that labour is so decen-

tralised now, that the workman as a rule only sees a very small part of the result of his work. If profit-sharing helps him to take an interest in the business as a whole, I think it would be an excellent thing.

PRESIDENT. Yes, in any profit-sharing scheme labour ought to be kept informed as far as possible of all that is going on.

SKILLED LABOURER. And it ought to have its say in the management too, since it shares in the risk.

MANUFACTURER. But in the immensely complicated businesses of the present day, with all their different departments and intricate questions of finance and policy, how on earth is labour to be of any use on a board of directors?

BANKER. I think we are using 'labour' in quite the wrong sense. Everyone who works is a labourer, from the office boy to the managing director, both those who work with their hands and those who work with their heads. Indeed, who shall say where the one begins or the other ends? Everyone ought to work with their heads at any rate.

MANUFACTURER. Yes, and I am inclined to think that under a profit-sharing scheme that false distinction would tend to disappear.

SKILLED LABOURER. But there is a distinction between management and labour.

PRESIDENT. Yes, there is, but . . .

MERCHANT. For one thing, management generally works harder than . . .

UNSKILLED LABOURER. Rubbish. It's quite a different thing working . . .

PRESIDENT. Now we are getting off the point. There is a distinction between management and labour in a sense, and they ought to work as closely as possible together.

BANKER. In small or simple businesses it might be a good thing for labour to be represented on a board of directors. In big and complicated ones that would be impossible.

PRESIDENT. In one of the biggest manufacturing businesses of the present day each department has its own council of workers and managers, and these councils send representatives up to the board. There are plenty of ways of giving labour a chance to make its voice heard. Besides, in co-partnership schemes where workers become shareholders they have votes, and so indirectly have a voice in the management of the business.

SKILLED LABOURER. Well, that sounds all right, but I still think that any scheme of this sort would mean the end of the Unions, for we should all get drawn away from our class and . . .

WIDOW. Dear, oh dear! Now we come back to the class question again.

MERCHANT. It seems to me that you won't get over the trouble at all. What will happen? In one business you will have a profit-sharing scheme, and in another of the same sort you won't. When times are prosperous, labour in the non-profit sharing business will want higher wages. If the labour in the profit-sharing business does not also get higher wages too, it will look upon its profits as withheld wages and the Union will step in and demand equal wages for all. Then when prices fall or times are less prosperous labour will still fight to retain the same wages. If the workers in the profit-sharing business did not get higher wages in the prosperous times but received larger profits, they will not be content to see their profits fall and their wages remain below those of the others, so they too will fight to get higher wages in order to make up the difference.

WIDOW. Then profit-sharing ought to be compulsory in all businesses.

MERCHANT. But even that would not solve the difficulty. Labour will never agree to see its profits fall, but will always try to make up for it by increasing its wages, and so we shall get the same old circle again, wages and prices chasing each other.

PRESIDENT. I don't think that is altogether true. There will always be a certain antagonism between labour and capital as to the standard of wages. That is unavoidable. The law of supply and demand ought to settle the question, but doesn't without a struggle, because both labour and capital have learned to combine and are sometimes prepared to fight for uneconomic conditions. Every time they fight there is a loss to the community. The only hope lies in the friendly co-operation of the two, and in the realisation by both sides that happiness and peace are more important than wealth. Each is dependent on the other, each owes a debt to the other. Labour has the right to demand a life as free as possible from drudgery, and a proper standard of living. Capital is essential to material prosperity, and must be encouraged. But above all, they are not independent. Everyone in the State should be a worker in one way or another. Most people are workers, to whatever so-called class they belong. And everyone

in the State should be encouraged to become capitalists, though even in a small way. Work should receive a fixed return in the form of wages in proportion to its value to the community, and capital should receive a fixed return in the form of interest in proportion to the risk it runs: any surplus profits should be divided between them in the form of dividends.

SKILLED LABOURER. But there will still be the question of the standard of living.

PRESIDENT. And there are two things I would suggest about that. First, the standard of living is not merely a question of money or wealth, but of the *standard of living*. This at least everyone has the right to ask of the State, an education which will teach him to want the things that really matter—cleanliness, health, decency, and the love of beautiful things, and conditions under which he can enjoy them. Anything beyond that is luxury. For the standard of luxury, so long as men prize it, there will always be a struggle, since it depends upon wealth and the distribution of wealth. But wealth depends upon production, and production depends upon industrial peace. And industrial peace can only be obtained by one thing in the end—and that is Goodwill.

WIDOW. That sounds almost like the teaching of Christ.

PRESIDENT. It is.

E. DE STEIN.

'THE PICTURES.'

BY JANE H. FINDLATER.

THE shores of Olnig on a summer night were like the shores of Heaven as weary mortals think of these: the long white beaches were just kissed by the scarcely moving tide, and on the horizon floated dim purple outlines that might have been the Isles of the Blessed.

There was no stirring of the atmosphere on such a windless night as this, but sometimes a great freshness would breathe in gently from the ocean and as suddenly die away—it carried with it the scent of leagues of sea. Then the sun would go down in a spectacular manner, lighting up the sky to a blazing scarlet behind the purple islands, . . . it was all unbelievably exquisite. Yet 'wee Katie' (as she was always called) when released from her toil in the byre would stand and gaze out at this wonder of beauty without a single exclamation of surprise or pleasure.

Katie was one of the humblest creatures God ever made; she seemed scarcely to have a life of her own at all, just to have appeared on this planet to work for other people, toiling on, day after day, at her obscure tasks, without joy and almost without remuneration. She was thirteen on the day that she first arrived at the Farm, fresh from the tender mercies of an unloved aunt who had brought her up somehow on a pittance wrung from a very reluctant father. Such pittances are always joyfully discontinued at the earliest opportunity permitted by the law, so when Katie became a financial burden she had to go out to work at once. Her figure was stumpy and ill-proportioned, and she had a lamentable habit of never managing to hook her frock rightly, which did not add to her charms. Though Katie's hair was supposed to be 'up' it was much more often half 'down' her back in a tumbled, untidy plait, and wisps of it fell across her eyes and had to be brushed or tossed back when she looked up to speak to anyone: a doleful figure wee Katie, as ever stepped. Her day was no sinecure: cows are milked three times a day on well-regulated farms, and Katie had the milking of five to attend to. Between times, there were pails to wash, and churns to scald, and shelves to scrub, and basins to cleanse—an endless, fatiguing, unchanging round of work. And here was all the

child's diversion when the long day was done—to wander down to the white shore, and look out to sea: a poor amusement Katie found it. What to her were the long white beaches, the lisping waves, or even the scarlet banners of sunset? The heart of man is unsearchable, and one never gets to the end of the surprises that are to be found in character; to look at Katie one would have thought her almost too dull to have any aspirations or longings—but this was far from being the case; in her heart there burned a wild thirst for amusement. How this had been stifled all the long, long winter months at Olnig, Heaven alone could tell! If little Johnnie Ross, the farmer's son, extracted a few screeching notes from his concertina, Katie would execute a clumsy caper on the stone floor of the dairy, and down her hair would tumble about her ears, and Mrs. Ross would reprove her sharply, telling her to 'mind her work and niver heed Johnnie and the concertina.' Then sometimes Ran Reid, the lately demobilised tinker, would appear with his pipes at the door of the Farm. And at the first sound of the thin, gay, skirling notes, Katie flung down whatever she was doing and rushed to the door to listen.

Ran was quite a personage in the country-side since his return from Mesopotamia: he still by virtue of his late adventures, wore a ragged khaki coat, and it was only the outward sign of the profound inward awakening that the man had gone through.

Ran had seen the world, and though he preferred like the sow that was washed to return to wallowing in the mire, he wallowed, so to speak, with his eyes open. As he stalked alongside of his donkey-cart, his pipes under his arm, Ran had quite the air of a man of the world. Ross, the farmer, often came to the door to speak to him on a winter afternoon when there was little doing out of doors, and Katie would always manage to edge herself behind the door to listen, for his sanguinary tales of Mesopotamia delighted her fancy, and she pondered them as she went about her work in the byre.

Olnig in winter was indeed no foretaste of Heaven. Katie was often so buffeted by the gale that she almost failed to make her way between the house and the byre. Wrapped in an old oilskin coat, her hands blue with cold, she had to face the flying sleet that drove in pitilessly from the Atlantic. There were no purple islands and lisping waves then, only a hoarse, roaring waste of billows, desolate and terrible beyond description. Katie's one preoccupation was to get under cover as quickly as might be; but she had always a moment of acute struggle with the bolt of the byre

door which refused to open at once to the touch of her benumbed fingers; then, dripping, blown about, exasperated by this fight with the elements, she gained the shelter of the byre. There at least the cows were warm, and Katie would lean against their hot, rough sides with a sigh of relief as their kindly breath thawed her frozen cheek. . . .

Then the snowstorms came, smothering and white, with sometimes, to follow, an awful frost that seemed as if it would nip life at its very sources. Grand pictures were to be seen in these winter storms by anyone with seeing eyes: but Katie's eyes were holden. On nights of intense frost, the great indigo vault of the sky, strewn with myriads of stars, was a sight to awe and terrify the beholder, making him turn back, with longings for the homely earth, from these pathless wastes of space. But no distressing thoughts of the terrors of space or the insignificance of man's place in it visited Katie's brain when she looked out of the skylight window of her freezing little attic bedroom. Her shudders, poor child, were of a much less subtle kind, as she drew the heavy homespun blankets round her, and wondered if she would ever feel warm again. But snowstorms did not last for ever, even at Olnig, and the long, despairing Highland spring began, with ceaseless rain and tireless wind, soaking and battering the farm for weeks on end, till it seemed as if summer must be only a fable that could never come true; yet there were signs of life—calves in the byre, and lambs—shivering little lambs—on the hillside, and frogs arriving in the pools of the old peat cuttings. Katie was constantly in the byre feeding the calves now, with her head tied up in a little tartan shawl, and her person wrapped in every additional garment she possessed.

She was young enough to find it rather fun, and would sometimes laugh outright at the gambols the creatures gave as they ran towards her, to guzzle up the milk from the pail. It was at this spring season that her feud with Flora Reid, the eldest of Ran Reid's six olive-branches, first began. Flora was what the expressive phrase 'a limb' indicates. With her mop of fiery red hair, and her slanting blue eyes she was an incarnation of lawlessness and mischief.

The most importunate beggar of all the begging tinker clan, Flora had, as it were, acquired fresh powers in her trade during the troubled years of the war. For though she, her five brothers and sisters and her mother lived in affluence they had never dreamt of before, they would have been the last to acknowledge this fact.

Instead of doing so, Flora added a new, long and very effective clause to her usual begging whine:

'Will ye no' gie me a puckle tea, Mistress? for faither's awa' fechtin' the Germans, an' mither 's five weans, an' mysel', an' maybe faither 'll no' come hame . . . could ye no' gie's an auld coat or a bit shawl for it's gey cauld the day? . . . faither's awa' fechtin' the Germans an' mither's a' her lane an' maybe faither 'll no' come back . . . have ye ony auld castin' wad keep the baby frae the cauld the nicht? he's no verra weel, an' noo that faither 's awa' fechtin' the Germans . . . etc. etc. . . .'

So her endless tale of requests had gone on during the two war winters when Ran was away; but now that her father was safely home again, Flora had to change her tune. The sympathies of the country-side had been almost drained, so she invented what she called Mesoptamy Fever to revive sympathy afresh:

'Will ye gie's a puckle tea, if *you* please, faither 's back from fechtin' the Germans an' he's bad wi' Mesoptamy fever . . . if ye'd an' auld blanket by ye, mistress could ye no' gie it for faither? He's come back wi' Mesoptamy fever on him, ye ken, aye, it gaes an' comes awful' (this to account for Ran's appearance of rude health); 'while's he'll be near deid wi't. . . . Gie's a drop broth, if *you* please, Mistress. . . .'

Mrs. Ross was much too liberal to the tinkers, and Flora never asked in vain; but one spring evening it happened that Mrs. Ross had gone with her husband in the cart to Achinbeg, leaving Katie in sole charge of the house. Katie was very busy and *affairée*, with everything to do. She had swept out the kitchen, put fresh peats on the fire, and laid the table for tea to be ready for Mrs. Ross on her return. Then in marched Flora, just about her own age, and incredibly importunate. First, she wanted tea, of course; Katie refused; then a scone from the pile on the table; a second refusal; then a 'drop milk'; refusal number three; then an old skirt—but at this Katie became impatient and told her to go away in no bated language:

'Awa' wi' ye, or I'll send Rover at ye!' she threatened, pointing to the collie on the hearth.

'I'll no' gang—the Mistress aye gie's me a puckle tea.'

'Gang aff, ye're a fair torment!' cried the exasperated Katie, brandishing a broom, and advancing across the kitchen at Flora. Rover jumped up with a growl to join in the fray, and at sight of his bared white teeth, Flora ran out through the open door without further delay. But from that hour, war was declared

between the two children—a war in which the stupid Katie was always the loser.

One of Flora's tricks was to make her way into the dairy and torment Katie to fill her 'tinny' with milk. When Katie refused to do this, the little beggar ran off to the farm-house and wheedled Mrs. Ross into saying that she might get what she wanted; then Katie had the humiliation of having to fill the 'tinny,' and Flora carried it away in triumph. It was extraordinary in how many ways she managed to annoy Katie—she seemed to be endowed with an uncanny knowledge of how to do it. Mrs. Ross might leave her whole family-washing on the hill-side to bleach, and none of it would be touched; but if Katie left any of her poor little garments out at night, some of them would be sure to have disappeared before morning. Katie used to sit on an old log of wood near the door in her few spare moments, knitting herself a pair of black worsted stockings; if Mrs. Ross called to her from the kitchen, she would lay down her knitting on the log, and perhaps not return for ten minutes or so. Twice, however, she had returned to find her needles pulled out and half the stocking pulled down.

Katie began to think her work was bewitched, for it was impossible to see how the needles could have come out by themselves. Mrs. Ross said it must have been the kitten: Katie did not believe her. . . . One day all the milk pans had been scoured and put out in the sun to dry. An hour afterwards they were found face downwards in the mud, and had all to be scoured over again. . . . Another day the dairy floor, newly scrubbed out, was covered with filth—the hens had been driven in from the yard across it, while Katie was having her dinner. . . . Yet this guerilla warfare was carried out with such cleverness that it would have been impossible to lay the blame on Flora—no one had seen her anywhere near the farm; but Katie knew that her little enemy was the cause of every trouble.

Remote as Olnig Farm was, some modern ideas had penetrated to it; so Katie suddenly demanded an 'afternoon out,' with as great determination as any town young woman; she had read about 'afternoons out' in the *Weekly Scotsman*, and decided to have one. Her demand was granted, and then the question was, what to do with these long vacant afternoons?

It was all very well for Katie to put on her Sunday gown, and even to cram her empurpled hands into a pair of cotton gloves; but when this was done, the poor child had nothing more amusing

to do than to walk in solitary (albeit gloved) splendour, along the wind-swept moor road to Achinbeg. If she persisted in her determination to reach the village, the four long miles had to be walked all over again on the way home. And the village—what did it afford in the way of amusement? There was little to see there. The Hotel, closed for nine months of the year; the Post Office, presided over by old Mrs. McIvor; the Shop where it was possible to buy sandy chocolate and liquorice lozenges—this was all the village had to offer as entertainment for Katie's young mind, unless you include the Station, where two or three trains came crawling in almost at a foot pace!

Still Katie persisted in her weekly pilgrimages to Achinbeg. It is difficult for those who have always lived in towns to understand the craving for variety that young people in the country feel so deeply. But the fact is, that what the human being wants to make him or herself happy is often the opposite of what he or she already has. The country-dweller hungers for stir and amusement; the town-dweller for quiet and repose; it is hard to say which craving is the stronger. Poor 'wee Katie,' trailing along the desolate hill road to Achinbeg in search of amusement, had a sick longing for variety that was pitiful to behold. Oh, for something—*anything* to happen! But week followed week, and month followed month, yet no excitement came poor Katie's way. And here she was on this beautiful mid-summer evening, as dull as ever.

Her starved fancy projected itself into the week ahead, striving to see any hope of change in the monotonous round of her days. No: she could see no possible source from which help could come.

To-morrow morning she knew she would have to rise at six, as she had done every day that summer, to light the kitchen fire, and sweep the floor, and put on the big black kettle to boil. Then the cows had to be milked, and the pails and pans had to be scalded, and there was the dairy floor to scrub, and the churn to work, and then the cows to be milked again, and more pails to scald, and so on, and so on. . . .

Katie shook her head, and repeated aloud to herself in a dismal little rhyme, '*Aye, aye, there's aye the kye*'—the cows seemed to fill the whole foreground of her life, there was no getting away from them, and the milk pails, and the churn, and the butter. . . .

'I wonder, will James the herring-man be here the nicht?' she thought. James was one of the few links that connected Olnig

Farm with the outer world—didn't he drive all the way from Mallaig, and sometimes had a paper on him that he would leave with Ross? Not that Katie took any interest in the larger happenings of the world; but sometimes there was a thrilling murder case reported in the paper, and she liked to read it by daylight, though after dark the memory of its thrills had an unpleasant way of coming back into her mind.

To-night she longed for some such unpleasant excitement. 'Yon one aboot the corp found in the cellar was awfae interestin',' she meditated. . . . Beside her at that moment the sheep were nibbling the short green sward that grew close to the shore, all embroidered with thyme; and the tide was coming in, running up the long white shore with a gentle sound like millions of kisses—and Katie sat deaf and blind to it all, longing for a rag of a newspaper that might tell her more about a corpse found in a cellar.

Then, as if in answer to her longing, Katie saw the herring-cart come in sight round the curve of the bay. Maggie, the starved old black pony that drew the cart, always quickened her slow pace as the Farm came in sight, because she was allowed to graze for a few minutes on the turf beside the door, while her master sold his herrings to Mrs. Ross.

'Ech! I wonder will James hae a paper wi' him the nicht'? Katie said to herself, making all haste across the shore towards the farm.

Mrs. Ross had come out to the door with a dish, and stood waiting while James piled the herrings on to it.

'There ye are, mistress, there's the dissen for ye, bonnie fish, an' real cheap,' he said, and then, turning to Katie, he added:

'Here's for ye, m' lassie—ye'll no' verra offen get the chance o' the likes o' this.' He took from his pocket a bright pink bill, printed in startling black type, and handed it to Katie as he spoke. Her heart almost stood still for a moment as she read the announcement:

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

EAST LYNNE: (The World's most famous novel, filmed for the first time by Ford's Cinema at Achinbeg). Tickets 2*s*., 1*s*., 6*d*., and standing room 1*d*.

Katie read on, scarcely taking in the fulness of delight that it might mean to her if she could really see a Cinema at last! Often she had read of this delight, but she had never hoped to enjoy it. She

looked up into Mrs. Ross's face, and there was a world of pleading in her voice as she asked humbly :

'Will I get tae gang, mistress ? I'd like *awfae* tae gang.'

'What aboot the kye, lassie ? ' Mrs. Ross replied ; but there was a smile lurking round her mouth as she spoke. Katie fingered the pink bill and looked down, making no answer ; the cows were a solid obstacle not to be lightly put aside, she knew. There were ten of them, and five of these were her charge. Mrs. Ross could never milk the whole ten. As she stood there in silence a blind fury of indignation surged up in Katie's heart. Could it be possible that the cows were going to deprive her of this wonderful treat ? She was far too unsophisticated to question the justice of the universe ; but this choking feeling of resentment overcame her, she had not a word to say, could not even plead her cause, could not raise her eyes from the ground, in case she should read final refusal in the face of her mistress. She stood there trembling, awaiting her fate.

Mrs. Ross and the herring-man exchanged a wink of great amusement, then Mrs. Ross spoke again :

'I might maybe get auld Annie from the Croft to help wi' the kye,' she said, thoughtfully. 'Johnnie'll be wantin' tae get tae see it, Katie, an' he's sic a laddie for playin' himsel' on the road, ye'd need tae look after him.' Katie drew a long, slow breath of delight, and looked up. Mrs. Ross and the herring-man were both laughing, and he added to her bliss by suggesting that Johnnie and she might drive the four miles to Achinbeg in the herring-cart if they chose. Here was a delightful suggestion, indeed ! Katie had never driven to an entertainment in her life, and the prospect of this herring-scented drive filled her with ecstasy—she could wear her new blue merino, and her white cotton gloves, even if the night was wet !

'Ye see, I'm aye on the road on Fridays,' James reminded them. 'An' the cairt can hold the twa o' them fine.'

What would many *blasé* persons give to have wee Katie's keen appetite for enjoyment ? All the week that followed was to her a blissful dream of anticipation. She looked forward to every moment of the evening's programme, from that one when she would mount the cart in her blue merino, to that of her return at night. It seemed to her that she would be a new creature then—she would have seen a Cinema at last. Though Katie appeared to be plodding in and out of the byre on her broken shoes just as usual, she really trod on air all that week. She began to count the days off one by one—six, five, four, three, two—at last she

was able to say 'to-morrow' would be the great day, and to-morrow would soon be here. She stood by the door that evening, and looked up into the clear amber-coloured sky. Ross was winding up his fishing reel beside her, and examining his fly-book. Katie, who was rather in awe of her master, never addressed him in general; but to-night anxiety conquered her shyness.

'Will it be fine the morn?' she asked timidly. Ross wound away at his reel with a practised hand, and looked up into the sky for a moment.

'Aye, that it will—a grand day,' he pronounced, little guessing the delight his words gave.

Katie went to bed even earlier than usual that night. She wished to prepare for the great evening, by a wonderful effort of the toilet. She had seen one of the maids at the Lodge crimp her hair by means of plaiting it into a great many tiny plaits and damping them. Katie resolved to follow her example. With extraordinary patience she damped and plaited till her head was a mass of hard little knobs all over. Pride often feels a great deal of pain, in spite of the proverb which tells the opposite, and certainly Katie felt a good deal that night. She could not rest her head for any time on the pillow, without feeling one of the knobby plaits drive into her skull, till she writhed with discomfort. Far be it from her, however, to undo the plaits—they must remain as they were at whatever cost to personal ease. So Katie tossed to and fro until the breaking of the day. She heard the lisping tide run up the sands, the cries of the sea birds, the bleating of the lambs and the answer of the sheep; she even got up and looked out of the little window, across to the blue Skye hills rising through the morning mists—but she saw them with unseeing eyes—she was thinking of nothing but the Cinema. At last, tired out with her vigil of vanity, Katie fell sound asleep. She wakened, startled, to find Mrs. Ross speaking loudly in her ear:

'Rise, Katie! Rise, an' come doon the stair as quick 's ye can—the bairn's got convulsions, an' the Master's awa' tae Achinbeg for the doctor!'

The poor woman was so distraught with anxiety that she never noticed Katie's most comical appearance, with the armour of plaits all over her head. She ran down stairs again to attend to the child, and Katie still half dazed with sleep, jumped out of bed, rubbing her eyes as she struggled into her clothes.

Everything was in disorder downstairs—the fireside still choked

with the ashes of last night's fire, the cupboard doors standing open after a frantic search for medicines had been made there. Katie could see into the bedroom beyond, where Mrs. Ross stooped over the cradle of the sick child.

'Pit on the fire, lassie,' she called through to Katie, who was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bewildered by this sudden summons. 'Pit on the fire, an' boil the kettle, tak' the bellows tae it, an' a' the dry sticks ye can find, an' dinna stand glowerin' there.'

Katie knelt down and scrabbled out the cinders on to the hearth with her hands; she was an untidy, badly trained worker, and this method of going to work sent clouds of dust and wood ashes out into the room. Then she seized the big black kettle and ran out to fill it at the spout by the door. When full, it was far too heavy for her to lift easily, and she had to heave it on to the hook above the fire by a tremendous effort of all her strength. This done, she went into the bedroom to look at the baby with great curiosity. She had never seen a child in convulsions, and all was fish that came to Katie's net.

'Ech! he's twitchin' awfae!' she cried, almost enjoying the excitement if the truth be told. But she was not allowed to sate her curiosity for long. As Mrs. Ross bent over the cradle, she issued a long string of commands to Katie which might have dismayed even a practised worker:

'Get on the parritch for the men's breakfast, an' pit oot the plates an' the bannocks on the table, an' get a bit butter from the dairy, an' rin oot bye an' bring in the wee tub that's under the spout—I'm wantin' it for a bath for the bairn—an' bring ben the kettle when it's come through the boil, an' when yer through wi' a' that, gang up tae the Croft an' ask auld Annie will she come doon an' help ye wi' the kye, for I canna leave the bairn a meenit.'

At this last command, Katie stood stock still in the midst of all her work, for a dreadful fear had flashed across her mind; what if the bairn wasn't better by the evening? Old Annie couldn't milk all the ten cows, and there was no other woman anywhere near who could be got to help her. Could Fortune be going to play this cruel trick upon her? But Katie might have been a student of New Thought to judge by the swiftness and vigour with which she 'repelled' this unwelcome suggestion; she refused to admit it for a moment, and, as it were, banged the door in its face. Then that protective instinct which comes to the help of us all in

times of anxiety, taught Katie that work was the best antidote she could find. She went plunging about the disordered kitchen, attacking one task after another, never giving herself time to think quietly in case this dreadful fear should steal into her mind again. To and fro she went, opening and shutting drawers, banging down plates and cups upon the table in a sort of maze of misery. Then the sound of the cows lowing in the byre, sent her running up to the Croft to fetch old Annie and begin the milking.

As she gained the crest of the hill, Katie paused to take breath. Stretched far below her was the sea, blue and sparkling, and across the strait, clear against the cloudless heaven, the astonishing outline of the hills of Skye . . . it did not astonish Katie in the least; she was so entirely preoccupied with the thought of how she could get to the Pictures, that she might have been blind, for any effect the beauties of the outer world had upon her.

She panted on up the steep little path that led to the Croft, the only cottage within miles of the farm.

Old Annie came to the door in response to Katie's knock, and eyed the child sourly. She was a most unpleasing old woman to look at, as she stood in the doorway, her hands rolled in her apron, her deep set, hard old eyes peering out from a little wrinkled face as brown as leather.

'Weel?' she asked laconically.

'Mistress Ross says,' panted Katie, 'will ye kindly come doon an' gie a hand wi' the kye, for the bairn's taen the convulsions an' she daurna leave him?'

Annie pushed out her under lip in an ugly grimace, and uttered a grunt that sounded like 'Oo.'

'Will ye come?' Katie asked again.

'She'll be payin' me for't?' Annie queried.

'She didna say,' Katie had to confess; but in her eagerness to secure Annie's help she decided to encourage the idea that remuneration would be on an ample scale: 'She'll be that grateful, ye ken,' she said. Annie had always meant to come, her hesitation had only been assumed for the sake of being disagreeable; so she flung her little 'shawlie' over her head and set off down the hill with Katie. Here was Katie's opportunity; she grasped it.

'Hoo mony kye can ye mulk by yersel', Annie?' she asked.

'I've seen the day I could mulk eicht—I wouldna' care tae try mair nor five noo—I'm auld, ye ken, lassie,' the old woman said. Katie was dismayed.

'Five! but there's ten o' them!' she cried. 'Ech! could ye no' manage them a', Annie?'

The old woman shook her head.

'Na, na, I'm ower auld for that—but ye're a stoot lass yersel', ye can mulk the five o' them fine.'

'I'll no' be here the nicht—I'm tae gang tae the Picters,' Katie blurted out.

The old woman stood still in the roadway, and gazed at Katie. 'In a' the warl what'll that be?' she asked. 'The Movies' had not yet passed across her mental horizon, she might well be bewildered.

Katie burst into a fervent description of what she supposed the Pictures to be like, and the old woman listened with attention to all that she said, then as Katie paused for a moment, she gave her opinion on the whole matter.

'Sic a daft-like thing I niver heard tell o' in a' my days. Bide at hame, lassie, an' dinna gang stravagin' tae the likes o' that.'

'Ech! I *canna* bide at hame—I maun get tae see the Picters! Will ye no' mulk a' the kye for me, Annie, an' let me gang?' Katie cried.

But she had come up against a heart as hard as flint. Her cry for help did not move Annie one whit; the deep disapproval of one generation for the amusements of another was expressed in every tone of her voice as she refused to countenance Katie's longings after pleasure.

'The lasses are a' daft for pleesuring noo,' she said severely, 'It's no' wurk ava, jist pleesuring.'

'It's no' muckle pleesuring I get!' Katie cried, 'I'm wurkin' a' the week through in the byre, exceptin' the aifternoon on Thursdays. I'm up at six in the mornin' an' I'm no beddit till nine—is that no' wurk?'

But Annie would not admit that it was. Her ideas on work had been formed in the stern times when afternoons out were unknown, and four o'clock in the morning was thought none too early for a young woman to rise from bed and attack an eighteen hours' day of work.

She had just imparted these stern views to Katie when they reached the farm, and there was no more leisure for discussion.

. . . . . .

The doctor's hard-worked little car—as hard-worked as the

doctor—did not pant up to the farm till the afternoon. It was then announced that the baby's gums must be lanced, an exciting operation which, at another time, would have interested Katie mightily—to-day she was too much preoccupied with her own affairs to pay much attention to the sufferings of the baby. Her rather inept hands were indeed full, for Mrs. Ross could not leave the baby for a minute, so all the work of the house devolved upon Katie.

She was deep in very unscientific preparations for dinner, when, through the open door of the kitchen, her sworn foe Flora Reid effected an entrance. Never had Flora been more importunate; but her begging this morning was for a very definite object, and did not degenerate into the usual whine for 'a puckle tea' that was generally on her lips.

'Gie's twa bawbees, mistress, if *you* please,' she whined, calling through to Mrs. Ross, whom she had unhappily caught sight of for a moment. Then, as Mrs. Ross paid no attention to her plea, Flora went into detail about why she required the two bawbees. Ran, it appeared, had had a worse than usual attack of Mesoptamy fever last night, and hadn't the doctor in the Army told him that sulphur was the only cure; and wasn't Flora herself on the way to Achinbeg to buy the sulphur? 'Jist twa bawbees, if *you* please,' she chanted again and again, till Mrs. Ross, exasperated and over-easily persuaded, called to Katie to find the sum that was required. Katie sought in an old jug where pennies were kept, and produced two battered halfpennies because she thought these insignificant coins were less gratifying to Flora than the one more important one would be.

'There's for ye—there's yer twa bawbees, awa' wi' ye, I'm ower thrang the day to have ye standin' there,' she told her. And Flora, grinning with the pride of success in her trade, grabbed the bawbees into her little skinny yellow hands (which were tanned to the colour of finnan haddocks by the smoke of the camp fires) and skipped out of the kitchen. Relieved of Flora's presence, Katie went on with her cooking. It is to be hoped that Ross the farmer was no epicure, for Katie's preparation of the meal left much to be desired. If you had looked into the farm kitchen that morning, you would only have seen a very untidy, plain-looking girl hard at work, and you would never have guessed at the turmoil of feeling that was raging in her heart as she gashed away at the potatoes and tore the heads off the herrings with

hasty, unskilful fingers. So separated are our souls from each other, that it never occurred to Mrs. Ross that Katie was unhappy —her own anxiety had swallowed up any sympathy she might have had with the poor child at another time. As Mrs. Ross knelt beside the cradle or paced up and down with the baby in her arms, she would call out directions to Katie of one sort or another; but she had completely forgotten all about the Cinema.

Long afterwards this August day would be remembered by the mother as the one on which her child had nearly died, while to Katie it would always just be 'The Picture Day,' when she had suffered such unbearable suspense.

For, as the hours dragged past, her suspense grew more and more acute. She longed to end it, by asking Mrs. Ross plainly whether she might go to the Pictures in the evening or not; but whenever she tried to ask the question, she found it impossible to speak. The jangling old kitchen clock struck five, then it struck half-past five, and Katie knew that her fate must be sealed speedily: the pictures began at half-past six, and how were the cows to be milked, she asked herself, in time to allow her to dress and drive the four long miles to Achinbeg?

At this moment little Johnnie Ross ran noiselessly in on his bare feet, and came up to where Katie stood washing the teacups in a basin of greasy water.

'Are ye no' gettin' ready, Katie?' he whispered, glancing through the half-open door that led into the bedroom, with a child's dim perception of something he didn't understand going on there.

'Weesht!' Katie warned him, 'I'm no' through wi' the tea things yet.'

'James is comin' along in the cairt, d'ye no' mind he's tae tak' us?' the boy whispered.

'I mind fine—but I'm no' ready yet. Ye maun pit on yer buits, Johnnie, an' yer Sunday claes, a' the folk in Achinbeg 'll be at the Picters the nicht.' Katie admonished him. She was yearning to begin her own toilet, especially to see the effect when these most uncomfortable plaits should at last be undone and her hair might be combed out. It struck her that Johnnie's Sunday clothes would introduce the subject of the Pictures as well as anything. With this design in her mind she went across to the bedroom door.

Mrs. Ross, with that almost awful maternal patience that

seems as if it could never tire, was still pacing up and down, up and down, as she had paced the livelong afternoon, and at each step she gave a tender little touch, as regular as the beating of her own heart, to the baby's suffering body—it seemed to keep him quiet. . . .

Katie advanced into the doorway.

'Johnnie's seekin' his Sunday claes an' his buits, please,' she said. 'It's the Picters the nicht, ye mind . . .' she added. Her words died away into silence and she stood there dumb, awaiting her fate.

'The Picters—eh, I didna' mind—weel, get oot the laddie's claes for him, Katie, I canna lay doon the bairn for a meenit—ye'll find them in the drawer there.' Mrs. Ross spoke abstractedly, and without pausing for a moment in her slow pacing up and down the room.

Katie opened the drawer, gathered up the suit in her arms, and walked to the door; there she faced round and got the fatal question out at last.

'Will I get tae go, mistress?'

Mrs. Ross stood still and looked at her. She took in, perhaps, something of the yearning there was in Katie's face, but at that moment the baby sent up a thin trembling cry, and gave a horrible jerk in her arms.

'Ech! puir wee mannie!' she said, all her attention turned to the baby and away from Katie.

'Ye see I canna stand still a meenit,' she said, then a moment later she added:

'Ye canna get tae the Picters the nicht, lassie, there's the kye tae mulk an' a' thing tae sort forbye—ye'll maybe get anither time.'

'*There's no' anither time!*' poor Katie blurted out; but Mrs. Ross scarcely heeded the anguish there was in the cry. To her, fighting for the life of her child, this petty disappointment of Katie's seemed beneath contempt. She resumed her pacing again, and only repeated, as she passed Katie:

'Ye canna go, lassie, there's ower muckle tae dae.'

Blind and choking with disappointment, Katie turned away without another word. As if to make things worse, she saw James the herring-man draw up his cart at the door, and heard his hearty voice call out to know if they were ready? She went to tell him the bad news; but the words stuck in her throat, and she stood there, a grotesque, sad little figure. Even to the old man's un-

critical eye, Katie's appearance suggested that she was not quite ready to start for the evening's entertainment. Her whole head was covered with a sort of helmet of plaits, she wore an old faded frock, and had tied a dirty sack round her instead of an apron. The shoes she wore were large, and broken across the uppers, and had seen service in the byre all winter.

Surely, James thought, the lassie wasn't going to Achinbeg like that? He put the question in a more polite form.

'Ye'll no' be quite ready yet maybe—but there's no great hurry—I'm glad o' a rest mysel' and Maggie here's glad of a bite,' he said, indicating the old black pony who was already hard at work snatching her usual mouthfuls with famished haste.

Many children of Katie's age would have begun to cry at such a crisis of misery as this was to her. But though Katie's voice was tense with the effort she had to make to keep back her sobs, she did not cry as she explained to James that she could not come with him. James was much more concerned about the baby's illness than about Katie's disappointment; to his elderly mind there was simply no comparison at all between the two distresses, and he stood there exclaiming, 'Eh! I'm real sorry aboot the bairn, jist real sorry,' and never bestowed a thought upon poor wee Katie's grief.

Then Johnnie, hastily stuffed into his Sunday clothes and a pair of loudly creaking boots, rushed out of the house and jumped into the cart, his little sunburnt face shining with soap and anticipation—never a thought did he give either to Katie's desolation. James got more slowly to his place in the cart and tugged up Maggie's reluctant head from the grass: a moment later and off they all went along the sunny road to Achinbeg.

Katie stood in the doorway and watched until the cart disappeared round the bend of the road. She felt as if her heart would burst with pent-up tears.

But there was no escape yet from the inexorable wheel of Duty—her grief could not be indulged in at present. For the cows came streeling down from the field in a long, slow procession on their way to the byre for the evening milking. Donald, the herd boy, appeared behind them, flourishing his stick, shouting to Rover, and trying to urge the cows beyond their usual slow pace. Fatally, Katie suspected the reason of his haste—he, even he—was going to the Pictures! He would only have time to 'clean himsel' (as Katie phrased it) and be off to join the jubilant crowd at Achinbeg.

She had guessed truly. As Donald drove the cows past the door, he shouted to her in huge excitement:

'I'm awa' tae the Picters, Katie! Are ye no' comin'?'

But he was in too great haste to wait for her reply. Then, the last cow driven in, Donald went off at a tremendous pace to clean up for the entertainment, and once more Katie was left alone. Her bitter cup was not drained to the dregs yet, however. With a rattle over the stony road, the Reids' donkey cart drew near, Ran stalking beside it, Flora seated in the cart. Katie felt in no mood to cope with her enemy at that moment; but no tinker's cart ever was known to pass the door of a farm without stopping at it, so there was little hope of escape from Flora. Sure enough, Ran called to the cuddy to halt, in a stentorian military voice acquired in Mesopotamia, and then, too fine (like all tinker men) to beg himself, he affected to arrange the harness while Flora slipped out of the cart and tried to dart into the kitchen as usual. But Katie barred the way.

'No' the nicht—ye'll no' get onything: the mistress has a bairn ill—awa' wi' ye!' She said roughly.

Flora persisted, and even pushed at Katie in her effort to get in through the doorway. The struggle became almost a fight, and Ran stood by and laughed delightedly. Then what did poor Katie hear? Did her ears deceive her, or did Ran address his daughter in these words:

'*Bing Avree* (come away), Flora,' he cried, in the ancient lingo of his race, and then, with a sudden descent into modernity, '*We'll no' be in time for the Picters, lassie!*'

It was too much for Katie altogether. 'They'll no' let tinklers in,' she cried, hot with indignation and none too polite in consequence; but Flora had the best of the situation in a moment.

'I'm a sojer's bairn, an' that's mair than ye'll ever be,' she assured poor Katie. 'My faither's been awa' fechtin' the Germans, sae I'll get in!'

And then she began to caper about, executing a triumphant sort of jig upon the door-stone, both her skinny little hands held high above her head, while she chanted out these words:

'*Standin' room for twa bawbees, Standin' room for twa bawbees!*' and Katie saw that between the finger and thumb of each hand, Flora was displaying the ha'pennies she had begged from Mrs. Ross in the morning. Truly the wicked flourish like the green bay tree: Katie, who had toiled late and early, must now continue

to toil with never a ray of amusement to brighten her days, and Flora, who habitually ate the bread of idleness, was off to the Pictures on the money she had begged on false pretences. Is it any wonder that Katie's fortitude broke down as she watched the up-to-date tinkers rattle off along the road to Achinbeg? She turned away from the house and rushed into the warm darkness of the byre. There, among the cows, she was alone at last, and might weep out her bitter tears.

. . . . . .

Two hours later, when the cows had been milked, and old Annie had gone home, Katie still sat in the byre and refused to come in to the farm for supper. Her face was swollen with much weeping, and a sob would still, at long intervals, rise in her throat, though she had now dried her tears. Everything was quiet round the house; the hens gone to roost, Rover asleep on the door-stone. Then Katie heard Ross come out, and knew that he was probably looking for her.

'Katie! Are ye there, Katie!' he called. She made no reply. Again he called:

'Come out an' ye'll see something ye'll no' see the likes of twice in a lifetime.'

Katie's curiosity was faintly roused.

'What is't?' she called back in a husky voice.

'Come you an' see,' Ross persisted.

Reluctantly Katie emerged from the gloom of the byre and came out to where the farmer stood.

He pointed to the horizon. 'Look West, Katie—as far's ye can see—d'ye ken that's the Island of Barra ye're seeing there—like a wee boat it's that far away? D'ye see it?'

Katie raised her swollen eyelids and gazed out towards the blazing West. The whole arch of the sky was scarlet, the sea ran in scarlet waves, and the mountains of Skye were purple against the glow. But as far as the eye could venture—so far that it seemed more like a delusion of the senses—away on the utmost horizon, a new Island had become visible.

'D'ye see it! Yon's Barra! I've no' seen it for years,' the farmer repeated.

But Katie did not see anything to be excited about.

She turned away without a second glance at the land that was very far off.

'I'm no' carin',' was all she said.

AN ELIZABETHAN SONG-CYCLE.

THE song-cycle has hitherto been supposed to have had its origin in Germany, so late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, but it has recently been my good fortune to discover one which was composed by an Englishman at Oxford 300 years ago.

Before entering upon a description of that Elizabethan example, it may be desirable to relate how the discovery was made, and by what means the long-lost composition was preserved.

Shortly before his death in the autumn of 1916, a friend of mine told me that he had bought from an old book-stall—I think he said in Edinburgh—two ancient music-books, which he thought would interest me, as they had once belonged to Carlisle Cathedral, and he promised to let me see them. That promise was, however, overlooked by both of us, and it was not until after his death that I first saw the books; when, in February 1917, I received them from his widow, together with a letter saying 'I found the enclosed among my husband's books, and thought they might be of some interest to you. If so, please keep them; if not, burn them.'

The books are two oblong volumes, 7½ inches by 5½ inches, containing 120 pages and 100 pages respectively, and stitched in parchment covers bearing the library label of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, in printing apparently dating from the middle or latter half of the eighteenth century. Inside the front cover of each volume also appears the autograph of its original owner—'Thomas Smith, Jan: 8: An: 1637.'

These volumes would seem to be the Altus and Bassus parts of a number of part-songs, collected and copied by a gentleman-lover of music for the delectation of himself and companions of a kindred spirit. It will be remembered that Samuel Pepys used to forgather with one or two musical friends in like manner; and on November 7, 1660, he records that at Lord Sandwich's

'My Lord . . . called for the fiddles and books, and we two and W. Howe and Mr. Childe did play and sing some Psalmes of Will: Lawes's, and some songs.'

And again, on December 14, 1662,

'Met Howe and Pagitt the Counsellor, an old lover of musique. We sang some Psalms of Mr. Lawes, and played some symphonys between, till night.'

In his practice of music, Thomas Smith, like Mr. Pepys, did not confine himself to singing; for at the end of the Bassus book there are written some scales and exercises 'For ye Base Viole'; which would suggest that he, too, could lend a hand when the fiddles were called for; and it is interesting to note that among the pieces sung by him and his friends were fifteen Psalms by Henry Lawes.

Apart from those Psalms, the books contain seventy-three part-songs, nine of these being set to Latin or Italian words, and one being without words. The remaining sixty-three lyrics are in English, and of these I have only been able to trace seven in anthologies or in the works of contemporary poets; two of them being by John Fletcher, and the rest anonymous. If Shakespeare 'wrote plays for the Globe Theatre,' it would seem as though these nameless poets merely wrote 'Words for Music'; at all events, such immortality as may be enjoyed by their lyrics, some of which are very beautiful, arises from their having been so wedded.

It may here be mentioned that on the first blank page of the Bassus book, in the bottom left-hand corner, and running upwards, there is written

'Roger Smith, his Booke.'

About this Roger Smith more will be said later.

With the exception of Roger Smith's inscription, and one part-song, the whole of both books is in Thomas Smith's handwriting; as is also a list of books, entered by way of a Memorandum inside the end cover of the Bassus book as having been

Rec. by Mr. Edmondson
[. .]Leather covered Bookes
Weelkes Fa la's 5 Bookes
Weelkes Fantastikes 3 Bookes
Byrd's Lat. Songes MS. 5 Bookes
Orianas 6 Bookes
Este's 5 Bookes Y^e^ first Sett
Pietro Phillipi 8 Bookes
A MS. 5 Bookes
Stephano Venturi 5 Bookes
Horatio Vecchi 5 Bookes
Giaches de Wert 4 Bookes
Hieronymus Praetorius 8 Bookes
A MS. 4 Bookes in Octavo
Bird & Tallis lat. Songes 6 Bookes
Holbornes, two Bookes.

It is clear that these books were never used in the Cathedral, as, excluding two of Byrd's Latin Psalms, and Henry Lawes'

setting of fifteen metrical Psalms, which had no place in the Cathedral services, all but three or four of the pieces are of a secular nature. How the volumes came into the Dean and Chapter Library I hope to explain satisfactorily; and, as regards their leaving it, they would likely be thrown out with a lot of other old music about 1856, when, as I have been told by members of the choir at that time, all the old music books were burnt, except a few which were rescued as mementos. Doubtless many priceless relics were thus destroyed. The late Mr. William Metcalfe—the history of whose popular arrangement of the hunting song 'D'ye ken John Peel?' was chronicled in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for last October—became a lay clerk in Carlisle Cathedral in 1851, and he secured two of those old books, which, after his death in 1909, I bought from a stall in the Carlisle Market Place for sixpence each. They are folio MSS. of the bass part of services and anthems, and are undoubtedly two of the first choir books introduced into the Cathedral immediately after the Restoration of Charles II. They contain an anthem in the form of a prayer for King James II., beginning 'O Lord, make Thy Servant James our King to rejoyce in Thy Strength,' copied later than a full Communion Service by Dr. John Blow; thus proving a post-Reformation choral celebration in Carlisle Cathedral during the seventeenth century.

Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' *s.v.* 'Liederkreis, Liedercyclus, or Liederreihe,' defines a Song-Cycle as being

'A circle or series of songs, relating to the same object and forming one piece of music. The first instance of the thing, and the first use of the word, appears to be in Beethoven's opus 98, "An die ferne Geliebte. Ein Liederkreis von Al. Jeitteles." This consists of six songs, was composed April 1816, and published in the following December.'

Tennyson, also, in a prefatory note to 'The Window; or the Song of the Wrens,' said—

'Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon.'

Now, in these MS. books there is a group of eleven songs forming a perfect song-cycle. They are there stated to be by 'R. Nicholson,' doubtless Richard Nicholson, who, from January 1595–6 until 1639 was organist of Magdalen College, Oxford; was in 1626 appointed the first Heyther Professor of Music at that University; and who contributed a madrigal 'Sing, Shepherds all,' to 'The Triumphes of Oriana,' 1601.

The music is written for three voices, and fortunately the triplex part, or melody, and the bass part, are preserved; the inner part, however, being missing. By a happy coincidence that inner part of a song-cycle composed by Richard Nicholson, organist of Magdalen College in the late sixteenth century, has been supplied by Sydney Nicholson, of New College, organist of Westminster Abbey in this twentieth century, to whom I submitted my discovery at the time it was made. The character of Richard Nicholson's music, of course, does not compare with Beethoven's modernity, but is in agreement with the Elizabethan period.

The words are a remarkable mixture of pathos and bathos; the first nine numbers presenting such a charming picture of tender love and tragic woe that the drop to comedy in the last two is irresistibly funny. The four lines in the second stanza describing Joane's hair are especially lover-like.

The group has no title in the MSS., but it may be called 'John and Joane'; and the following condensation of the verses will show that they conform with Sir George Grove's requirements in a song-cycle:—

1

Joane—quoth John—when will it bee,
Tell mee, when wilt thou marry mee?
My cow-'fer and my calfe and rent,
My land is thine, and tenement:
Say Joane, say Joane, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come everie day to wooe.

2

Ah, silly John, surpriz'd with joy,
For joy doth make John silly,
Joy to enjoy his sweetest Joane,
Joane white as any lilly.

. . .

Her haire is faire as fairest gold
That kings in crownes doe weare,
For faire and fairest is that gold
That is most like her hair.
Who's faire? Who's kind?
'Tis Joane surmounts y^e^ sky;
Who's deare? But who doth love?
O God, 'tis Joane and I.

Number 3 further expresses John's devotion, and the succeeding numbers his grief and despair:

4

Cease joyes; let down your springs of musicke layes,
Admit a rivall now of doleful mone;
Cast downe your myrtle twine, and crownes of bayes,
And learn of mee to sorrow for my Joane:
Ah, Joane is sicke, and vext with mickle paine;
God sheild my Joane, and send her well againe.

Numbers 5, 6 and 7 form an elegy for Joane, which reaches its climax in

8

Muse, O canst thou still indite?
Joane is dead, and thou dost know it;
Joane is dead, that gave thee light,
Joane, that made thee first a poett:
Tell y^e^ world your dayes bee night,
Say but so, and cease to write.
Oh, my joyes of joyes are fled,
Oh, my Joane, my Joane is dead.

But Joane is not dead after all; and John rejoices:

9

Banish sad sighes, y^e^ rest of restlesse greefe;
Hence banish teares, eve's dropping of my love:
Joane is revived, Joane that sends reliefe
To her poore John, her fellow turtle dove.
Twist up your strings, sweet muses, sing a straine
To glad John's poore heart, Joane is reviv'd againe.

10

Care for thy health, sweet Joane, as pearle of price,
Care for thy John, as hee cares much for thee;
Let not each seeming good thing thee intice
To hazard that which should thine honour bee;
Kissing and culling is flame-catching fuell.
Locke up y^e^ casket of thy cheifest jewell;
Raddish and turnups, Joane, forbeare to eat,
Bagpipes and bellowes are but windie meat.

Meantime Joane has developed a more coming-on disposition and replies :

11

John, be contented, and care not for mee ;
I cannot, I will not be ruled by thee :
Kissing and culling is lovers' delight,
Then say what you will, John, for Joane will have right.
Raddish and turnups, John, ladies love well,
Though bagpipes and bellowes be windie and swell :
John, if you love mee, as love you require,
Come kisse mee, and cull mee ; such death I desire.

Both the structure and sequence of these lyrics—which in the manuscripts are numbered consecutively from 1 to 11, showing that they form one complete whole—evince that Richard Nicholson wrote them, or had them written for him, with an intention to set them in that musical form which two centuries later Beethoven dubbed a song-cycle. We may fancy Nicholson in his retreat at Oxford saying to a rhyme-jingling companion—'Friend Robinson, I would weave me a flower-girdle in music : canst thou find me the posies ? ' And we can hear Robinson, as soon as the new idea has sunk into his brain, answer in Elizabethan lingo—'Right O, Dickon ! I've got them ! '

For it is evident that in this instance the conception of the musical form had precedence, and the words were written to suit that form.

The first of the lyrics was not new then. Chappell, in 'Popular Music of the Olden Time,' says—

'"Quoth John to Joan" is certainly as old as the time of Henry VIII., because the first verse is to be found elaborately set to music in a manuscript of that date.'

Chappell gives the air—which, of course, in no way resembles Nicholson's—and quotes the song as it was printed, under the title of 'The Clown's Courtship.' The opening stanza resembles the first quoted above, and the remainder form a catalogue of John's bucolic possessions ; concluding thus :

I have a cheese upon the shelf,
And I cannot eat it all myself ;
I've three good marks that lie in a rag,
In the nook of the chimney, instead of a bag.

To marry I would have thy consent,
But, faith, I never could compliment;
I can say nought but 'hoy, gee ho,'
Words that belong to the cart and the plough:
Then say, my Joan, will that not do?
I cannot come every day to woo.

The evolution of Richard Nicholson's libretto would seem to have been that he, or his lyricist, took the first verse of the old ballad, and, much as Robert Burns in his time treated rubbishy Scottish ballads, linked on to it his more graceful stanzas.

Regarding the identification of the transcriber and original owner of these manuscript part-song books, it is well-nigh certain that Thomas Smith, the copyist, who in 1637 wrote his name inside their parchment covers in handwriting indubitably corresponding with the script of the MSS., was the Thomas Smith who was born in the parish of Asby, Westmorland, in 1614; who entered Queen's College, Oxford, in 1631, and in 1637 was a Fellow and Tutor there; and who successively became in 1660 Canon, in 1671 Dean, and in 1684 Bishop of Carlisle, which see he held until his death in 1701.

It may be of interest to record how that conclusion has been reached, but before doing so I wish to express my thanks to Canon James Wilson, Litt.D., Editor of 'The Victoria History of Cumberland' for much valuable information about Bishop Smith's contemporaries at Oxford.

In the first place, from the character of the script—which is of flowing Italian style and beautifully neat—and from other internal evidence, I conjectured that the scribe was a University man, and that the little Musical Society for which the copies were made existed either at Oxford or Cambridge.

Only two other names are found in the books—'Roger Smith, his Booke' in the Bassus part, and 'Mr. Edmondson,' the recipient of about eighty volumes of music as already mentioned.

I early formed an opinion that this Mr. Edmondson was the author of a Latinised version of one of the English lyrics; that version being written on a page devoid of music, and there ascribed to 'Hier: Amaltheus: *alias* H.E.' Now Dr. Wilson was able to tell me that a Henry Edmondson, born about 1607 in Cumberland, went to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1622; became B.A. in 1626; proceeded M.A. in 1630, when he became a Fellow of Queen's; that he wrote his books in Latin; and that he was in residence while Bishop Smith was an undergraduate at Queen's. He, I feel

sure, was the Mr. Edmondson, and likewise the 'H.E.,' of the MSS. 'Hier:' was probably an abbreviation of 'Hieraticus,' and 'Amaltheus' suggests 'Librarian.' This at once explains why Mr. Edmondson received those eighty volumes—he was the librarian of the little Society.

The only Roger Smith at Oxford during Bishop Smith's time was of Magdalen College; chorister 1575; matriculated 1581; B.A. 1585; clerk 1585–9; Master of Magdalen School 1586–1594. The handwriting—'Roger Smith, his Booke'—agrees with the period when his hand would be formed, the characters being earlier than Thomas Smith's, and in style somewhat resembling the Shakespearean autographs.

We have thus, as contemporaries at Oxford, the future Bishop Smith and Henry Edmondson, both of Queen's; and Roger Smith, the Bassus of the party, and Richard Nicholson the composer of 'John and Joane,' both of Magdalen.

It is all but certain that these MS. books contain the only extant copy of Nicholson's song-cycle, for the Bodleian Librarian has very kindly had a search made in the Musical Collection indexes, and informs me that no copy exists in that Library; while a similar search made by Mr. W. Barclay Squire at the British Museum has met with a like result. Indeed, everything points to the conjecture that this piece was composed specially for the little Musical Society of which Thomas Smith was a member. At any rate Thomas Smith was so much impressed with Nicholson's importance as its composer that, although he seldom noted a composer's name in the copies, yet he wrote 'R. Nicholson' at the end of every one of the eleven numbers of the song-cycle.

This close-linked circumstantial evidence seems satisfactorily to decide that it was Bishop Smith who copied and owned the books; which doubtless found their way into the Carlisle Dean and Chapter Library along with the other books bequeathed by him to the Cathedral. Among those there still remains a small Bible bearing his autograph—'Tho: Smith: 1649'—in writing identical with the 1637 autographs.

Dr. Wilson writes:

'I think you have got hold of the right Thomas. I wish I could meet with some reference to his early love of music. . . . He gave the organ to Carlisle Cathedral, was a jovial sort of prelate, and I am quite prepared to hear that he fiddled in his youth.'

JAMES WALTER BROWN.

FALLEN IDOLS OF THE STREAM.

BY FREDERICK MARTIN.

WITHOUT subscribing entirely to the doctrine that the next best thing to angling is reading or thinking about angling, it can be affirmed that, in the off-season, much pleasure may be derived from a review of one's experiences with rod and line. The sheer force of contrast may induce the reminiscent mood. For example, after a tedious day spent in the office or the market-place in the harassing business of making a living, one makes one's way homeward in the murk of a winter afternoon through crowded, muddy streets. The brain is weary, the senses are stupefied by the odours of the town, a subtle mixture of roast-beef gravy, fried fish, hot tea and war-time petrol. In sudden revolt the mind springs to other scenes, to pleasant open spaces, lonely valleys swept by the mountain breeze, places which are in another universe far different from this world of crowded dulness. If a man be wise he will seize this mood and turn it to account, not to rail against the sordidness of his present lot to the embitterment of his soul, but to cheer and clarify his mind by a retrospect of golden days that have gone before. In such a way he will double his pleasures, for he has had them in the actual moment of their happening, and now he is to enjoy them once again in the solitude of his own chamber. There are many ways of jogging memory so that it will re-create for us the events of the past. Perhaps one of the best for the angler is to get from its winter hiding-place his old tweed fishing-coat and to exchange it for the conventional garb of a city evening. The very smell of it—it should be redolent of peat reek—will aid in conjuring up the past, and here and there may be a rent which an envious hook has made. It is very likely that thus arrayed the angler may get him from his book-case a work dealing with some aspect of his favourite art ; he may even go the length of routing out his stock of casts and flies for the mere pleasure of gazing on them and handling them. But books and hooks are mere incidents of this angler's evening ; the real pleasure comes when he puts these aside and gives to recollection full rein. And in such pleasure there surely is profit also. The mind may take curious turns, and, since in every true angler there is something of the philosopher, it should happen that,

pondering over experiences and events of the river-side, one should bring into relation the personal and the universal, the particular and the general. Some very excellent work-a-day philosophy may thus be evolved. Let me follow one train of thought induced in circumstances like these. An inflexible rule of life lays it down that in gaining experience we must lose illusion, but leaves the old, old problem whether the wisdom we gain is worth the price we pay for it. Would the world be a happier place were the idols of our youth still proud upon their pedestals ? I, for one, do not know, but the problem exists even in angling.

One day, not many years ago, I invited a friend to accompany me upon a one-day expedition to an excellent trout-stream. We duly arrived on the bank and prepared for the business of the day. Having got my gear in order, I allowed my cast to drift in a little back-water at the side of the stream while I got into waders. My companion was to fish from the bank, and, being ready first, was about to cast over the spot where my line lay. I warned him off to prevent a tangle, telling him that in this bit of water there was nothing doing and that he had better go down the stream a bit. He obeyed. Being now completely attired I took up my rod and carelessly threw a preliminary cast across the dull water. Immediately my fly was seized by a half-pound trout. Though much astonished I managed to land him, and once again I cast in the same place. Plump !—It was three quarters of a pound this time.

'I suppose,' I said, 'it would be no use trying to tell you that I really did believe there was nothing doing here.'

'It would not,' replied my friend.

This was my day out. I caught many good trout, and my companion had only the most meagre of sport. Incidentally, it may be remarked however that he had a busy day, his enterprises including the climbing of a tree to disentangle a hook, the breaking of a branch, his hurried descent to the ground and the smashing of a bottle of beer in the haversack he wore. We did not fish together for a long time after that, and in the interval I found from conversations with mutual acquaintances, none of them skilled anglers, that accounts of the day's exploits had invested me with a tremendous reputation. It seemed that I had won a place in the hierarchy of super-anglers, and all because on one particular day my luck was in and the other fellow's was out. So one evening, such as has been described, I sat me down to ponder on the bubble reputations that had from time to time imposed upon my own

youthful mind in the days when there was nothing of the sceptic in me and when the capacity for hero-worship was strong.

It is to the great body of anglers that I would address myself, anglers like myself to whom fishing is a holiday sport to which can be devoted only a very few days each year, and who have no conceit in the matter of their prowess. We can catch fish on good days but we know no secret which will charm the trout from their hiding-places when all the odds of wind and weather are against us. We read with admiration and envy of the exploits of those aristocrats of the angle who fish from January to December and whose paraphernalia include such trifles as a steam yacht and an illimitable bank-account, and who, to judge from their writings, never know an off-day. We admire them and we envy them, but we are—or at any rate I am—a little doubtful regarding their omnipotence. My own local idols have not stood the test of strict examination and I have become sceptical, though not, I hope, cynical.

Myself when young did annually frequent a country house standing on the bank of a pleasant stream. To this stream local report attributes a vast population of trout of the most sporting kind. Year after year, as my luck would have it, this annual sojourn coincided with a period of drought. Little water flowed in the burn, and that of such a clearness that successful angling proved beyond my capacity. For all that it was my habit to spend long days on the bank fishing industriously from morning till night. My empty creel aroused first the sympathy and later the scorn of my fellow guests. Among them was none who knew the fascination of angling; they were the sort of people who believed that the one object of going out with a rod was to catch fish. They were incapable of understanding that when this fascination gets into the blood the victim must try his luck, whatever be the weather conditions, that he grudges every moment spent away from the stream, and that a light creel at the end of a day does not impair in the slightest degree his hopes of a better to-morrow. To these few weeks he has looked forward during many laborious months, and, however low may be the water and however high the sun, he obeys the call that is in his blood and in obedience finds recreation of mind and body. There was a son of this house, let us call him Izaak, of whom great stories were told as to his prowess with rod and line. They used to tell me of the wonderful trout he had caught, and they fostered in me a belief that he never knew failure. As sure as Izaak set out for the stream so surely did he return an hour

or a day later laden with fish of splendid proportions. In time I came to regard Izaak as something in the nature of a god. So profound was my belief in him that the reiterated citations of his deeds left my withers unwrung even at the end of a long and arduous day spent in fruitless whipping of the stream. It was some years after I had heard of him that I actually set eyes on this Admirable Crichton. I remember well the thrill that went through me when, on my arrival one summer at the old house, I was informed that Izaak was due to arrive in a few days. Here was an opportunity at last to study under a master and to learn how to catch trout in all weathers and under all conditions. I felt quite certain that he owned a magic secret, and I determined to get into his good graces and to induce him to impart it to me. During the two or three days which intervened between my arrival and his I pursued my usual tactics with the usual result—a sun-scorched countenance and a basket which went out full of sandwiches and came home void. On the evening of Izaak's arrival I approached him humbly, as a disciple greeting his master. I plied him with questions as to the stream and the best lures, at the same time shyly proffering for inspection my stock of casts and flies. The fact that he did not recognise many of the latter and that he called others out of their name did not in the least discourage me, did not even arouse suspicion, so deeply planted was my veneration for the attributes ascribed to him. It was, however, a little astonishing to find that his enthusiasm over a proposal to start early next morning and, taking lunch with us, to fish the whole day was, to say the least of it, moderate. Nevertheless, after a night of restless excitement I haled him forth after breakfast. This time I was surprised ; he had another engagement, and so for that day I must fish alone. The same experience befell me on the next and many succeeding days. Each morning he advanced some reason for remaining behind. To me these seemed trivial—a visit he must pay, a horse he must look at, a drive he must take and so on. Meantime I was diligent at the water-side with monotonous lack of success. At last, one morning there was a splash of rain, the wind blew from the west and there was much cloud about. Izaak had no engagements that day and we fared forth together. At last I was to learn what I had been so eager to know. Ere we got to the river-side the sun was blazing once more and the clouds were rapidly disappearing. We started off, Izaak going first and I following him at a short distance and paying more attention to his line than to my own. There was no

doubt of his skill. He threw a beautiful line, but not so very much superior to my own. Half an hour went by and there was nothing doing. Izaak reeled in, sat himself down upon the bank, and filled his pipe. 'It's no use to-day,' he said. 'We'd better chuck it and go home. The rain is clean off again.'

I sat down beside him and regarded him attentively. A slight suspicion, implanted in my heart I knew not when, suddenly sprang into full growth. 'Do you never fish on bright days?' I enquired.

'Never on days like this,' he replied. 'What's the use? You can't catch trout when there's no water and too much sun.'

In that instant the first of my angling idols fell to the ground with a crash. I gazed upon what remained. To the ordinary observer Izaak was what he had been, a tall, strongly built young man, not over-burdened by good looks. But to my eyes the change was vast. From him all god-like attributes had departed; he was merely, like myself, a human being prone to error, the sport of circumstance. Instead of being puffed up by a new sense of self-importance, I felt chilled. Something had gone out of my universe and had left an almost painful blank. The world would never be the same again. It is ever thus when youthful idols come to grief, showing their feet of clay or collapsing from their pedestals.

From the downfall of Izaak must be dated the setting of my feet upon the path of scepticism. I remember that a few days after my return to town and labour there came a letter from the country house telling me that the weather had broken and was doing great damage to the autumn fruit. At the end of many items of news were a few sentences, the implications of which I recognised. They told of how Izaak had now taken seriously to angling and, day by day, was stocking the family larder to the disgust of the peripatetic butcher. This news caused me to smile, a little awry perhaps, for your sceptic seldom laughs on both sides of his face at the same time. I thought gently of my fair correspondent. Poor girl, she still believed in the omnipotence of her brother over the trout of the burn. But I knew better. Never since then have I taken the Compleat Angler on trust nor will I to the end of my days. Indeed, it has given me much amusement to probe many cases where local tradition ascribed to this person or that powers far transcending those of my brethren, in whose lives good days and bad alternate.

Idol number two is a friend of mine, who is to be regarded as among the happiest of mortals. His life is lived in ideal

surroundings and under the most joyous conditions. So far as the world is aware he has no worries, although there may be a crumpled rose-leaf here and there; you never can tell. Anyhow, he has lots of leisure, a beautiful house near a capital stream, and an outfit of angling gear the equal of which I have seldom seen. He is, in short, a country gentleman of the type for which the modern malcontent has no use, but for which many of us would mourn should it be banished from our country-side. As an angler he occupies the pinnacle of local fame. I never fished with him, but on many occasions I have seen him returning home with a well-filled basket. The villagers will tell you that the laird is a mighty angler, that he is irresistible on any water on any day. These tales I believed in my youth, but after my experiences with Izaak, local tradition, however strong, lost its hold on me. I was now a sleuth-hound, and while I was on the trail it happened that I fell in with the laird's gardener. It is to be hoped that there is nothing dishonourable in discussing with a servant that servant's master when the subject is the master *qua* angler and not *qua* master. Anyhow, a sleuth-hound has no conscience. The gardener had a profound admiration for the skill of his principal, but he was a discriminating admirer. From him I learned that an infinite capacity for taking pains was the characteristic of this local genius. The laird had brought his science of fishing to such a pitch that practically all chance of failure was eliminated. The pool at the bottom of his garden he used as a barometer. It was an excellent piece of water, and his method was to start there in the morning. If he found that the trout were rising well he set off for the day; if his private barometer showed no rise at all he returned home to wait for a change in the conditions. The gardener was himself a bit of a fisher, so much I had learned from ocular demonstration. When he told me that in the laird's pool was a great trout, known to the household as 'Little Willie,' which had been caught over and over again, and had been returned to the water to carry on his career as prophet of a good day's sport, it was clear to me that my humble friend possessed one at least of the qualities which the vulgar regard as essential to all good anglers. In later years I ventured to tackle the laird on this question of his local fame, and he, being a good fellow and a good sportsman, confessed the truth. He was just like the rest of us, except that he had more numerous opportunities for the exercise of his skill, so that he did not require to waste his time in fruitless endeavour. If the trout were

not rising to-day they would be to-morrow or the next day, and he could be on the spot to profit by the weather conditions.

Now there comes to mind a schoolmaster, of whose skill with a certain kind of rod I had made frequent and painful acquaintance. He was, and still is, as near to the Compleat Angler as can be imagined. He makes his own rods, twists his own casts, and dresses his own flies. A factory-made rod is as abhorrent to him as a false quantity. It used to be believed of our dominie, as we called him, that, awaking of a morning he could, ere his eyes were open, tell the state of the wind and the heavens, and decide there and then which fly would prove a killer that day. After this he had no more to do than to dress, eat his breakfast, make his way to the river and fill his creel. In process of time, the sense of fearful awe which the schoolboy entertains for his instructor being worn away, I found myself one evening in his company at the river-side. It was finnock we were after, and the scene of our operations was a tidal pool, at the sea-end of which was a rapid stream much broken by rocks. Perhaps it should be explained that the finnock is a fish of the salmon kind, running to something over a pound in weight, found in the streams in the north of Scotland. Whether it be the young of the salmon or the sea-trout is a matter on which there is doubt in the minds of the authorities. This explanation is interpolated because a dry-fly expert from the southern chalk streams recently confided to me that he had always believed 'Finnock' to be a contraction for 'Finnan Haddock.' At all events the finnock is a sporting fish not to be beaten in this respect by anything of his own weight. The dominie fished among the rocks and fished with success. Several others, myself included, made a poor show in the pool above. I walked home with him and began the usual cross-examination with the intent of discovering whether, after all, this was indeed the super-angler. Nothing of the sort. This, he said, was the most difficult and the most heart-breaking of all the streams he had ever known. He had fished it more regularly than most men for over twenty years, and he was still a child in its moods. He defied any man to predict what might happen on any given day; what success he did attain had been won at the cost of much labour, much patient study and many trials. I instanced his success that very evening, and he told me that on such an evening it was tolerably certain that finnock could be caught in the stream, while the pool above would yield nothing, and he advised me to try my luck there next tide. I did

so, and when I had lost three casts in the sea-ware clinging to the rocks, I substituted for veneration of the divinely endowed angler admiration for the practised skill of the patient dominie. As the object of idolatrous worship he existed no more, but in my estimation he occupies a station more worthy of honour, because I know that he has won his way to it by his own diligence.

Candour being the duty, if not the invariable practice, of the apostle of any theory which can hope to gain the respect of the reputable, I am bound to admit that one case of the alleged super-angler has been brought to my notice which I have not, so far, been able to investigate. The circumstances in which this case was reported to me are somewhat remarkable, and, as they afford an instance of the rarer kind of adventures which befall the angler whose sympathies are tolerably wide, they may be set down here. One day, on a pebbly strand on the margin of a rapid Highland stream, I fell in with an old gentleman seated on a camp-stool. We fell to talking. It seemed that for the best part of a long life-time he had come each year to fish this river. But now he was old and enfeebled, and he had had a serious illness, and his doctor in London had forbidden him to wield a salmon-rod again: For the sake of auld lang syne he had come North this year as usual in the company of a friend twenty years his junior. Unable to pursue the lords of the stream, he pottered along the banks with a light rod, and occasionally threw a fly, but this rapid, clear-running river was not responsive to such treatment, and the old gentleman spent most of his time quietly seated on his camp-stool thinking over the past. Our talk took a grave turn, as is not uncommon among men who follow the contemplative art. He told me how he had attended service in the little Parish Church in the glen. The day had been 'Sacrament Sunday,' as we call it in Scotland, and the visitor had been greatly interested in the form of service and greatly impressed by what he described as its fundamental lack. 'Scratch a Scot and you find a theologian,' they say, but this venerable citizen of London was far more than a match for any skill which nationality may have conferred on me in the matter of theological dialectics. For the best part of an hour I sat at his feet and learned of him much that was new and interesting as to the doctrine of what I ignorantly called the 'Anglican,' and what he, in a tone of mild correction, referred to as the 'Catholic' Church. The sum of his argument was that in the Presbyterian Church the central rite partook of the nature

merely of commemoration, missing altogether the real essence of the service which is communion. From his discourse it could be gathered that he was a man of much learning, of deep faith and of simple piety, and he revealed to me a glimpse of a nature suffused with the light of a sweet reasonableness. Such an interview, in the course of which a wayfarer approaching the end of the road of life tells to a younger traveller of the mysteries which he had encountered by the way, may be remarkable, but it is not out of accord with the spirit which is fostered in the heart of the true angler. When he had finished his discourse we sat in silence for a little, and then the old gentleman rose to his feet and exclaimed: 'Here is Mr. Buckler. He told me that if I would meet him at this pool at twelve o'clock he would let me see him hook a salmon; and he will, too.' I came to with a start, and with a queer feeling that I was acting a part in 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' 'Mr. Buckler!' I thought. If Bunyan did not use that name for one of his characters it could not have been because it had not occurred to him.

And behold it was not a dream! Down the bank toward us came the figure of a stalwart, bearded angler, followed by that of a stripling of seventeen, both clad in undeniably modern costume. Mr. Buckler proved to be a punctilious sportsman, and he insisted that, as I had been first on the ground, I must have first go at the pool. He even examined my cast to see that it held the right kind of lure for those parts—a Silver Doctor it was. So I fished the pool as well as I knew how; and nothing happened. 'Now then, Sam,' said Mr. Buckler, addressing the stripling, his son, 'let's see what you can do.' Sam obeyed with a result similar to that which had attended my own efforts. 'Your turn now, Mr. Buckler,' exclaimed the old gentleman, and there was a tremor of excitement in his voice. At his third cast Mr. Buckler was in to a fish of ten pounds, and after as many minutes of an exhilarating struggle I had the honour of applying the gaff with success. The old gentleman was elated, but placid withal. 'I told you he would do it,' he remarked to me. 'He never fails.' This piqued me, and I was on the alert at once, ready to grapple with the myth that I knew of old. But it eluded me. The conqueror of the ten-pounder disclaimed infallibility. Indeed, he read his son and me a little lecture in which he ascribed our failure to the fact that we had not learned the real art of angling in a clear and rapid stream. 'You do not achieve what I call "head-presentation,"' he told us. 'That requires long practice.' I experienced a sensation of relief. For

this day, in spite of all that had happened, the ghost of the omnipotent angler was laid once more. But my peace of mind did not persist, for Mr. Buckler added that he knew only one man of whom it might be said that he could catch fish on any day in any circumstances. 'Who was that?' I enquired sharply, if wearily. 'That,' it seemed, was the postman who lived in the little cottage near the bridge. This was my last day of the Highlands that season, but I determined that next year I would track this postman to his lair and pierce his magic garments. But next year was 1914, and there were other fish to fry, so the postman is still on my conscience.

What is to be the end of all this philosophising, of this reverie induced by the contemplation of a few hooks and casts and by the comfortable touch and the peaty odour of an ancient Harris tweed coat? Shall we rail against the idols that impose on our credulous youth? That would be foolish, and most unjust to the idols besides. Surely it was not their fault that we ascribed to them qualities to which they themselves laid no claim. The politicians have a phrase of which they are very fond when they can apply it to the most cherished beliefs of their opponents—the phrase, 'exploded superstitions.' Blowing up one's own superstitions is a salubrious enterprise; it clears the air. When first we embark on it the noise terrifies us and we suffer from shell-shock, but in time we gain control of our nerves. Many an idol, preposterous enough on his pedestal, turns out to be a very good fellow when put in his proper place. So let us think kindly of the idols we have honoured in the past. Shall our conclusion be that, since no man is perfect angler by birth, there is hope for the most unskilful of us if only we will be patient and diligent and will make the most of our opportunities? A trite conclusion, maybe, but none the less true for all that. If, as we knock out the ashes of the last pipe, we will turn to the greatest of all angling philosophers, we may read: 'As no man is born an artist so no man is born an angler,' wherein there is comfort for any who think that Nature has treated them scurvily in the matter of aptitude with rod and line. And again, 'Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it never can be fully learned;' here is a little shaft wherewith to prick the over-boastful. So all that we have been trying to say in these hours of reverie has been said much more convincingly long ago. Has, then, our time been wasted this city evening? As I go upstairs to bed there comes along the street the hoot of a belated 'bus. Surely not wasted, since we have been enabled to forget for a time that modern monster and all the rush and hurry that it typifies.

THE MEM-SAHIB'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE Anglo-Indian wife has long realised that while the British at home are merely indifferent where India is concerned, their attitude towards herself is tinged with hostility; as a rule she accepts this calmly, as she accepts other disagreeable facts, but sometimes she pauses to ask herself *why*—and the reason is not very clear.

My own idea is that Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray has a good deal to answer for. Everybody knows that the Collector of Boggley Wollah, and his greediness and his pagodas, have nothing to do with the case nowadays; but nobody has ever been able to free his mind of the suggestions left by Jos and his pineapple. The Anglo-Indian is still believed to be a wealthy man who has a very pleasant time of it; and we all know how hard it is to forgive an ordinary person of our own class for leading a more comfortable life than we do ourselves.

Then came Mr. Kipling, to complete the picture by drawing Anglo-Indian wives who were not merely self-indulgent, but frivolous, irresponsible—and a good deal more. Anglo-Indian women enjoyed his satires with the rest—how were the commonplace, the homely, the merely silly, to guess that they who had begun their lives at Twickenham and Haywards Heath and Murrayfield like anybody else were henceforward to be a class apart, a suspect class, of which the brilliant Mrs. Hawksbee was the prototype?

Whether they guessed it or not, it came to pass, and at times these mute inglorious Mrs. Hawksbees feel that absurdities have their importance, and wonder whether, in a world in which trivial causes may have tremendous results, they have been wrong in making no effort to explain themselves.

The conventional charges against the Anglo-Indian woman, roughly grouped, are threefold:

(1) She is given to the cult of the *Tertium Quid.*
(2) Or, at best, she is overfond of pleasure.
(3) She, who might do much, does painfully little to bring about an *entente cordiale*; her attitude towards India is aloof, stupid, unsympathetic.

(1) and (2) are hardly worth serious consideration. I came

upon a quaint old book once (much older than Mr. Kipling) in which the author discussed the first point, and made the sage remark that few people at home realised the conditions of Anglo-Indian life—the rooms divided from one another only by screens and half-doors, and linked on the outer side by verandahs where barefooted servants lurk always within call. There is a good deal in it.

The second proposition, more accurately stated, is merely that in India (that 'social paradise of the middle classes') the women of the middle class lead a life approximating to that led in England only by the aristocracy and the plutocracy. Nothing criminal in that, after all.

Is there here again the sting of jealousy? There is little need for it; the official wife, at least, has spent brave years of banishment in remote stations where an overworked husband provided most if not all of the available 'society'; and her first house, in which she did her best with frilled muslin and wickerwork chairs, was either a tumbledown barn, long since condemned by the district engineer, with a roof warranted to fall on your head at any moment, or one of the sunny little villas evolved by Government architects for the benefit of the junior official. (One's thoughts naturally turn to the juniors because they, poor souls, have still so long to spend in India.)

A radical peer recently remarked that the Europeans in a certain Presidency town were unnecessarily well housed. But then he had never spent a hot weather on the plains, and had probably never set foot in a house so small that there is nowhere depth enough to give your aching eyes and head relief from the glare. His wife had certainly never been faced by the problem, where to put the matutinal Indian visitor to wait while the host hurries through his ablutions or disposes of the previous visitor. Government architects have not as yet given their sympathetic consideration to this difficulty. If the gentleman is offered a chair outside, he may write to the papers complaining of having been 'put to wait on the verandah with other useless lumber.' In the dining-room the servants are busy. The lady of the house eventually leaves him the drawing-room and withdraws to her bedroom, which is being swept.

Then come the years during which the exotic character of Indian childhood often holds the mother an anxious slave. Short years. Parents who remember the empty nurseries of India do

not envy the Anglo-Indian mother overmuch, or chide her if she seeks distraction.

The charge that Englishwomen have not fulfilled their obligations to India, that they have even injured their husbands' work there, is another matter.

In this respect the situation has altered considerably during the past ten years; many Englishwomen, led by the wives of the heads of Provinces, now throw themselves eagerly into the effort to bring about social intercourse between the two races. Yet these are but a small minority, and here, at risk of an uproar of disapproval, I must state as a defensible theory the proposition that an Englishwoman still serves India best by leading her natural life unobtrusively along her own lines, fulfilling her purely domestic and private duties. It is the theory instinctively followed by the majority, but also consciously held by not a few women, not the least thoughtful or wise—and by many husbands.

To judge of it you must know something of what the others are doing, and how they are doing it. Only the truth can save, and I propose to tell it here; it has too often been lacking where India is concerned.

Great strides have been made in the frequency with which Englishwomen and Indian women meet; but it would be untrue to describe this as a *rapprochement* in any general sense. It is not merely that the methods as yet evolved are so laboured as to be almost grotesque—this need not necessarily discredit them, since most beginnings are clumsy; it is that what is being done is artificial. The truth is that neither side is ripe for it.

The staple form of entertainment is a *purdah* party, in which an unwieldy number of women are gathered awkwardly together, cruelly unprovided with links of sympathy or understanding. The fragments of knowledge they have of one another often increase the difficulty.

'What is the use of the Englishwomen's coming to stare at us?' mutters an Indian lady.

Unfortunately the Englishwoman on the next chair has very likely been told that Indians are becoming so Europeanised that they resent it as a liberty if they are addressed without introduction; and she, not realising that this only applies to one sophisticated lady from Bombay, fears to speak.

Tea, as welcome as a sail to Crusoe when it is first announced, brings fresh difficulty. One was obviously not asked there in

order to pair off with an English friend and enjoy one's tea. But what right has one, by virtue of one's English blood, to plant oneself upon an unknown Indian lady, who may, moreover, prove to be strictly orthodox and refuse tea (and the refusal of an Indian lady may be a very disconcerting thing)? Here, however, one of the guardian angels of the feast, floating about with a patronage of which one hopes she is unconscious, may come to the rescue. After tea, we listen to each other's music without understanding, the English performers coming off poorly in the matter of applause, because the English women make a point of clapping the Indian items, and the Indians, with more sincerity, do likewise. We finally separate with a great relief and a sense of weary futility.

Other opportunities for social gathering are provided by the 'Indian Ladies' Club.' This is the title by which the institution is nearly always known in practice but never in theory, its promoters being especially eager to emphasise the point that 'European' as well as Indian ladies belong to it. You will, as a matter of fact, find a number of English names on its roll of members, chiefly those of official wives, pathetically anxious, poor women, to do anything which 'as my husband's wife' seems to be a duty.

As a feminist movement, the Indian Ladies' Club has its good points and its bad. If the bad seem at present to be unduly prominent, that may be because the movement has been a forced one. The younger women play Badminton and tennis, and to establish these games with a satisfactory standard a few of the more athletic English members have their uses. The older women sit together turning over papers and talking as women at a club do anywhere; and widen their acquaintance in a way unknown before they had this common meeting-ground. But, though most of them know English nowadays, the conversation flags lamentably, becoming spasmodic and puerile beyond belief when an Englishwoman joins the group.

The Indian ladies belong chiefly to the leading Vakil class—and the politics of a Brahman's family are even keener than his own. He brings home a grievance and lashes 'his women' into a fury of sympathetic indignation; for him the next day's work and interests may rub off the sharpness of the sting—possibly he comes under the sobering influence of a milder spirit; but he returns at night to find the indignation of his ladies glowing finely, their thoughts having centred on the subject all day. Hence many of

the tears of India, for he goes out again next morning re-inoculated with his own toxin.

The ferment that used to be confined to one family is now communicated to the Club—and it will be understood that English ladies are distinctly *de trop* in a conversation of this nature.

Other advantages offered by the Club are bridge, billiards, and a lending library in which an astonishingly large number of inferior English novels and a distressingly small number of books worth reading will be found in constant circulation. An eminent Indian gentleman once disposed of such a Club in a few words. 'We had hoped,' he said, 'that the English ladies would bring to the Indian what was best in their own lives, but what they have actually brought is the worst.'

Summed up, the features provided are: Physical games—wholly good; a centre for political discontent—a doubtful gain, but natural, therefore not unwholesome; an introduction to the time-wasting devices of empty Western minds—wholly regrettable.

There is the other aspect—the Club regarded as a common meeting-ground for the women of the two races.

If intention alone could achieve, there would be nothing left to wish. The Club originates with Englishwomen of the guardian-angel class, who nurse it assiduously, whip up English members, beg them to attend, speak kindly to the simpler Indian members whom (with a patronage of which again one hopes they are unconscious) they marshal like children at a school-treat—and fail to see that the whole principle of the thing is wrong.

The motive properly underlying all intercourse is the desire to meet; until that exists in some degree there is very little gained by arranging to meet. Most Englishwomen who have been persuaded to join a 'mixed' Club discover this. They dislike the attitude of patronage conveyed by the suggestion that they 'give pleasure to the Indian members' by regular attendance; they dislike even more the idea of intruding upon political conversations. (It must be borne in mind that in India 'politics' has a peculiar meaning, better understood in Ireland than in England.) The greater number soon cease to be members in all but name. A few continue to join the tennis players, feeling themselves of a little use and comparatively at ease there. And one in a hundred genuinely goes to the Club to meet her Indian friends—whom she would meet elsewhere if there were no Club.

When an Englishwoman and an Indian woman find themselves

possessed of a common footing of sympathy, and a mutual desire to meet, they visit each other's houses; small awkwardnesses may occur, due to want of knowledge of one another's etiquette, but these are not serious, and there is no patronage. Here is something genuine and really worth while, and most district officials' wives will be found to have some friendships or acquaintanceships run on these lines. Indian women whom they know in this way will often tell them, 'I don't care for the Club; it is not *real*.'

Nothing more clearly showed the unreality of the usual meetings at the Club which I have in mind than the spontaneity which sprang up over the Red Cross boxes of 1914.

Games and newspapers were abandoned, indifferent members came early and stayed late, sewing-machines whirled and clattered, and conversation, loud and frank, dealt entirely with tape and scissors and 'the bias,' the language difficulty being no bar because the fingers, coupled with eager inflections of the voice, can express so much in that way. I remember that I seized upon an elderly Brahman lady, known never to speak English, and made her hold the bandage stuff while I cut it, which she smilingly did for hours on end; afterwards I realised with surprise that, helped a little now and then by some passer-by in quest of buttons, we had practically talked all the afternoon.

Alas! A sudden thought, born no one knew where, put an end to those delightful afternoons: 'Why should Indian ladies work for British soldiers? We will work for Indian troops only.' The idea was perfectly just—it was the 'only' which mattered. There were sadly few things that one could sit and work at for Indian troops: their gift bags were filled with cardamoms and betel and leather slippers and pieces of white mull, which needed only to be collected and packed. And my friend of the bandages has become such a fervent follower of Mrs. Besant (who opened her Home Rule campaign that first year of the War) that she gives to other Englishwomen only the curtest of nods—and I, not caring for curt nods, do not put myself in their way.

The memory of those Red Cross boxes is a hopeful one; it shows that when the motive and the common interest exist, the rest will follow naturally. But the present, when opinions are varied and violent, when many of us are anxious and all are discontented, is not the moment to force things. There is a strong case just now for the woman who simply follows the profession set down on her passport, which is that of 'married woman'; who

takes life as it comes, bears with exile for her husband's sake, endures disillusionment when she must, avoids situations which appear to her to be embarrassing, and makes the best of things according to the faith that is in her.

Some points of contact, however, there must be for every woman. For a junior official's wife the first is probably connected with an apparently innocent gift. In my case it was a lamb.

'Some one has brought me a lamb,' I said joyfully at breakfast.

'Oh, has he?' said the Sub-collector, brutally. 'Well, he'll just have to take it away again, d—n him.'

'It's a sweet little lamb,' I pleaded. But the creature was led, bleating pitifully, back to its village.

'Remember the blighter who brought you a lamb?' said the Sub-collector a few weeks later. 'He has a quarrel on about a piece of land, and the other fellow is bringing a suit against him. If you'd taken that lamb he'd have been able to frighten the plaintiff off, saying that I'd accepted a bribe and was bound to give judgment for him!'

Worse than the fact that all gifts, if not actually bribes, were liable to be construed as such, was the discovery of the motive that also lurks behind the visit. When a gentleman of the district evinced a sudden and imperative desire that his daughter should call on me, my simple vanity was flattered, and I did not at first see the connection when the little lady wrote next day saying that her father was wishing very much for the title of Rao Bahadur, and would like to be recommended for the same. I almost quarrelled with the Sub-collector when he exclaimed: 'I was wondering what on earth that visit had been about!'

Worst of all was the case of an old, old, Subadar Major, long since retired, who came, beautiful in full uniform, 'to wish us' at the New Year. We sat a long time together on the verandah, he entertaining the Sub-collector with stories of his campaigns, I rejoicing greatly in the delightful thought that here was a visit due to a self-respecting friendliness and nothing else. Alas! Next morning he reappeared in a draggle-tailed shirt, recognisable only by his charming smile—and even that had taken on a deprecating quality. He had a grandson, a failed matriculate, and 'in your honour's office——'

He was a dear old man, but my education made a great stride forward that day.

It may be observed that I was ignorant of the vernacular—

I still am, and always shall be. Various superior people have blamed Anglo-Indian women for this, not wholly with justice. In the north the Englishwoman does pick up enough Hindustani for practical purposes; in the south, where Indians of all classes speak English, she is confronted by a language which, after Chinese, is the most difficult in the world—a small fact which few critics think it worth while to mention. In Tamil she meets this further difficulty, that any effort to master a word usually provokes from her husband a request that she will never repeat it again, coolie Tamil being peculiarly unfit for the use of ladies, while literary Tamil is not understood by the lower classes. The infrequency with which she does acquire a word is in itself evidence of the difficulty of grasping the guttural polysyllables. Do many people in Europe learn a very difficult language which offers no inducement in the way of literature laid open, or travel made pleasant thereby?

There is a trivial ungracious matter which one would gladly pass over in silence; yet it obtrudes itself now and then, and, when it does, attracts more attention than it deserves. That is the refusal, or open reluctance, of an Englishwoman to take an Indian dinner partner's arm. Here is an incident obviously insulting to the Indian concerned, greatly to be deplored—but there is the woman's side to it.

Let no one attempt to judge her unless he has sufficient imagination to put himself in the place of a woman who has offered her hand to an Indian and found it touched with reluctance and hastily dropped as something unclean. That may appear to have nothing at all to do with the other affair—and has everything in the world to do with it. An Englishwoman knows just enough of an Indian man's way of thought to realise that, for a woman to take his arm, must in his eyes be an action of amazing, almost appalling, intimacy; his ideas upon the social intercourse between the sexes being commonly indicated by the fact that he has left his wife at home. The thought that she may be putting her hand within the arm of a reluctant man, outrages every feeling of womanly pride—and in a sudden panic revolt she refuses to do it. If she refuses from any more deliberate motive, it is resentment against the hosts who did not warn her, or ask if the arrangement was agreeable to her.

Fortunately this happens rarely. But let us suppose an Englishwoman duly partnered with an Indian gentleman without any *contretemps*; the evening is still something of an ordeal. What

do they talk about? What trivialities have they in common? She, if she is a woman of experience, talks with the lurking fear that a sudden turn of the conversation may reveal a certain incompatibility of ideas regarding the conversational proprieties. (*Experientia docet*; no chorus of disapproval can shake me in this opinion.) But setting that aside, her husband in like case can almost always find some form of common 'shop,' municipal, political, or professional; she has not that resource. She and her partner have read no recent books in common—if he has read a modern novel he will hesitate to speak of it, the books which portray our lives and loves being thought voluptuous by an Indian. She has been to the recent performance of the Amateur Dramatic Society; he to the Persian Players (to which her husband has refused to take her, for reasons)—no point of contact there. And so on with all the usual dinner-table topics. Conversation between them is something unreal, stilted, wearisome to the last degree.

Add to these difficulties the not improbable circumstance that she knows this man to be a bitter opponent of Government—a fact which in no wise affects the chances of her meeting him at Government House—and you have a situation as little conducive to sympathetic conversation as can well be imagined.

This last is a factor in the attitude of the Englishwoman in India which must never in fairness be overlooked; she looks at everything as it affects her husband. Not an official's wife in India but sees in the author of the new legislation a man who has sacrificed her husband to the desire to 'do something.'

Remember, before you condemn her for this, that she knows more than you do of the burden, the confusion, the galling sense of labour lost, which the new system will bring to her husband and his colleagues. Other things, too, she knows.

Do men and women at home in England realise what every conspiracy revealed, every political murder committed, must mean to the Indian official's wife? Recent events have laid bare something of what the women of the Punjab endured last April; but women throughout India, all through the War, have strained at the sudden noise which might mean that 'it' had come at last. It was in the early days of January 1915 that the women of Rangoon were awakened in the night with the information that the Indian regiment had mutinied; their husbands were called up, and they and their children waited until far into the next day

for further news. The same women, a year later, drove out to their Christmas dinners carrying in their cars—by order of the authorities, unexplained—at least four gallons of petrol. That time the trouble was among Mohammedan merchants. The same women again, a few months later, were for a time in serious jeopardy from the disaffected Sikhs, who were advancing upon Maymyo with the purpose of seizing the batteries there.

People at home have read, perhaps shuddered at, the story of the woman at Poona whose dinner-gown was stained with her husband's brains as they drove home together; of the Collector's wife in the south who, landing at Tuticorin after a hurried journey to her mother's death-bed, was met by her husband, and reached her home a widow, with his murdered body in her arms; of the woman in Madras the other day, a wife of a year's standing, awakened from her sleep by the shot which had killed her husband —who, when she screamed, was answered by a servant *unable to understand what she said*—whose every lucid interval during the weeks which followed was filled with terror lest 'they' should kill her baby too.

But the women who have read the Rowlatt Committee Report know that worse horrors still have been prepared for them. They have learned of Indian plans to murder Europeans by travelling with them in railway carriages at night, by entering their service as night punkah-pullers; of systematic courses of physical instruction solely designed to fit Indian youths for killing. And they have continued, with apparent unconcern, to lead a life in which it is climatically impossible to shut yourself up at night; in which an appeal for a telephone in an isolated official house in a disaffected district is liable to be treated with contumely.

Such things, however courageously endured, leave their mark. Others may come out to study the country and its people; the official's wife is chiefly interested that her husband shall leave India for ever, before it is too late. Who is entitled to blame her for this? Surely not men whose wives have no cause to be troubled by haunting memories of murder.

Englishwomen in India have not been allowed to weigh too heavily, whether as to their peace of mind or their safety of body, in recent Imperial action; but that would seem to be a reason the more why their fellow-citizens should think of them with sympathy and understanding.

MADAME GILBERT'S CANNIBAL.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

II.—Willatopy : Pilot.

Although Madame had made a sketchy inspection of the *Humming Top* in the company of Sir John Toppys, she learned very little of its fascinating merits until she came aboard in act to sail. The crew were already at their quarters when Madame was ceremoniously received on board by Captain Ching, the skipper, and the chief engineer, Ewing. She had already given orders—Sir John Toppys had assigned to her his full powers and prerogatives as Owner—she had already given orders that the chief officers should mess with her in the pretty little saloon on the upper deck, aft of which was a snug 'Owner's Room' which she reserved for her private occupation. Whenever their duties permitted of social relaxation, Madame had determined that the captain and chief engineer should be her intimate companions.

Toppys had chosen his officers with judgment. The skipper (R.N.R.), a man of Devon, sprang from the salt stock which had roamed uncharted seas with Drake and Cook. The chief engineer, a man of Glasgow, was of the hybrid race of deep-water mechanicians which had come into existence with Bell and Wood's *Comet*, and for a hundred years had bent the powers of the land to the service of the sea. In the ancestry of sea-craft, engineers are of mushroom stock, and, in comparison with the unbroken line of Plymouth Chings, the Glasgow Ewing was little better than an upstart, an expert in tin-pot mysteries. Nevertheless the sailor Ching respected the engine-room accomplishments of Ewing; and Ewing, who could not have safely navigated a railway steamer from Portsmouth harbour to Ryde pier, freely acknowledged that, in the above-deck business, Ching was his master. Each expert was supreme in his own department, and where in the world can one find better navigators than in Plymouth, or better marine engineers than in Glasgow city?

They cast off at Southampton in the late afternoon of March fifteenth, and in the evening were running out towards the Needles, the rapid whirr of the geared turbines scarcely conveying a flicker of vibration to the long slender hull. The yacht, on

bridge and down in the engine-room, was in charge of the junior ranks, and both Ching and Ewing sat at dinner with Madame in the bright saloon.

'Hark to the turbines,' said Ewing. 'Did ye ever hear the like? Just a wee whisper down below, and a bit quiver along the decks. Yet they are pushing the boat along at eleven good knots.'

'Eleven, point four,' corrected Ching. 'What could you hammer out, Ewing, in case of necessity?'

'We never hammer,' replied the Chief with dignity. 'We just spin a wee bit faster when more boilers are fired, and the steam pressure is raised. I could push her up to seventeen without a weep from the joints of the Babcock boilers. But it would be wicked war-r-k, with fuel oil at 150 shillings the ton. At an easy eleven knots, we are just burning money; at a forced seventeen, it would be a ghastly conflagration.'

'I don't understand machinery,' said Madame, 'though I can run a five-ton motor lorry with any man born. What is all this talk of oil? I thought the steam yachts burned coal, and yet I haven't seen a sign of coal-dust in the vessel. My sitting-room and my cabin, like this saloon here, are warmed by electric radiators, and when I was down below, one might have eaten off the spick-span decks. Are we a motor yacht, and no steamer at all?'

'Coal,' said Ewing, 'belongs to the carboniferous epoch. This is the twentieth century, and the age of oil. The *Humming Top* is an oil-fired steam-ship of a thousand tons, and years before her time. Didn't you know that she was built by Denny's of Dumbar-r-r-ton, regar-r-r-dless of expense? Her original triple-expansion reciprocating engines, driving twin screws, were put on the scrap-heap in 1913, the year before the War, and high-speed turbines put in. Their incredible speed of revolution is reduced down to the propeller shafts by helical spur gearing. There were vairy few destroyers in the King's service, in 1913, which wouldn't have squirmed with jealousy at the sight of our engine-room. At the same time, Madame, our ancient Scotch boilers were torn out, and water-tube boilers, oil-fired, installed in place of them. We don't shovel heavy, dirty, coal, Madame, we simply squirt atomised oil upon the glowing fires. And when we want to replenish our bunkers, we don't run under the coal-tips and smother our clean decks with filthy black dust, we just connect up with the tanks ashore, and press the switch of an electric pump. You could refill

our bunkers yourself, Madame, without soiling your dainty fingers. And with our geared turbines, and our oil fuel, we have a radius of action which is scarce believable. At this easy toddle of eleven knots, we can run seven thousand miles—more than half-way over the big bulge of the world—without replenishment. Which is an advantage, Madame, that later on you will greatly appreciate. If we were coal-fired, we should need to go under those dirty wagon-tips every two thousand miles or thereby. We can steam from here to Panama, or from Panama to Auckland, without anxiety about our bunkers—always provided that Captain Ching doesn't get impatient, and doesn't try to shove us along at more than eleven knots. If we steam fast, there will be a ter-r-rible waste and a great reduction in our radius.'

'I shan't hurry,' said the skipper, 'though Sir John told me to obey Madame's orders about speed. If he don't mind paying for forced draught, it is no business of ours to spare his pocket.'

'Sir John may be rich as Pierpont Morgan,' declared the Scot. 'But I don't waste good Asiatic oil for anybody's wealth—not at 150 shillings the ton. Oil once burnt doesn't grow again, and posterity will starve for our lustful rapeedity. The cost of this trip is just awful. And for pleasure, too! I am a judeecious reflective man. Here we are, in an empty ship, idling across the world, when we could have stuffed the yacht full of high-priced cargo at any damn freights we chose to extort. Ching, my commercial conscience racks me like a raging blister. A cabin-load each of drugs or dye-stuffs would have made our fortunes in South America, yet here we are with half a dozen cabins empty. The wickedness of it scares me. The *Humming Top* will come to no good when owners fly like yon in the face of the bountiful freights of a kindly Providence. If I may say so without irreverence, we are sacrileegiously biffing the Providential eye.'

'Please explain,' put in Madame. 'How can we gratify the bountiful Providence who is displeased with the *Humming Top*? I am always careful, when I can, to range Providence on my side.'

The engineer explained. He pointed out that here was a yacht, with half her cabins empty, and stowage spaces unoccupied beneath their very feet. Here also was a world bereft of shipping, and every scrap of space afloat worth almost as much as habitable houses ashore. It would do no one any harm, least of all Sir John Toppys, the owner, if by judeecious private trading Ching and Ewing could accumulate a pile of wealth. 'Of course Sir John

would get his share—and you too, Madame,' explained Ewing anxiously.

'Please leave me out,' cried Madame, greatly to the relief of Ewing, to whom an owner's idle share gave pain sufficient. 'I stand in with Sir John. Is there any real reason, Captain Ching, why the Chief should not do what he proposes? Would Sir John object?' It had occurred to Madame that the *Humming Top*, as a trader, would be accepted in the South Seas without comment, whereas a private yacht—cruising at large upon an unexplained purpose—might excite curiosity the most unwelcome.

'Not at all, I think,' said Ching. 'My orders are to take you to the Torres Straits, and to place myself and the yacht unreservedly at your disposal. Sir John has very complete confidence in your judgment, Madame.'

'The more reason why I should not strain my temporary authority,' said Madame. 'Still, in this matter of private trading, I do not hold that Sir John could reasonably take objection. We do no injury to him or to the yacht, and you, his officers, will perhaps benefit. You have my permission to go ahead.'

'Madame Gilbert,' said Ewing solemnly, 'you are the maist sensible wumman it has ever been my fortune to encounter, not excepting Mistress Ewing. I may add,' he went on with enthusiasm, 'that if I were not a man happily married to a gude Scots leddy, I would throw my hairt into your bonnie lap.'

'This is very sudden,' said Madame. 'For all you know, I may be married myself.'

'No matter,' cried the engineer. 'No matter. If you, a foreign leddy, are so ripe with sense now, what would you become with a gude Scotsman beside ye? You and I together would scrape the jewels off the airth. Meantime, with your permission, we will get busy. I take it that the yacht will call at Plymouth, and maybe stay two-three days whiles I communicate with my friends in Glasgow?'

'If you are going to load the *Humming Top* with valuable stores, Mr. Ewing, you will need a lot of ready money.'

Ewing grinned. 'We Scots folk are cautious, vairy cautious. Especially when we deal with one another.'

'Perhaps you need the more caution then,' suggested Madame, smiling.

'Maybe aye, maybe no! We don't push in our fingers farther than we can draw the hand back. But in these days it is scarcely

possible to make a mistake. If we load up with opium, cocaine, and other immoral dopes for the Dagoes, we can't go wrong. They will pay any money, and my friends in Glasgow will do the needful on credit. They will ask a percentage, I don't deny that, but there will be a margin. Ching, my son, are you game for dope-smuggling round Valparaiso and Lima way ? '

' We must have creditable stores for the manifest,' said Ching, ' but I don't suppose the Dago Customs will peer closely at a private yacht. And a few honest dollars will close their eyes, I reckon. The law is not obtrusive on the West Coast, Ewing. But go easy with contraband. We mustn't get Madame here into trouble.'

' Don't worry about me,' said Madame cheerfully. ' I already feel like a buccaneer. A bit of smuggling will give zest to a voyage which threatens to be tedious. So let us stop in Plymouth for so long as Mr. Ewing requires for his nefarious operations.'

' I never thought to see the day,' declared Ewing, beaming upon her, ' when my gude-wife in Paisley would seem to be a sore encumbrance. And after Plymouth, could we not touch at Bordeaux ? French wines are always good mairchandise on the West Coast, and the profits thereof would seduce old Pussyfoot himself.'

' I clearly see,' said Madame smiling, ' that when the *Humming Top* leaves Europe, for her long trail to the Panama Canal, she will be laden to her utmost capacity. We shall burn a power of oil to knock out even eleven knots then.'

' It will be worth it,' cried Ewing, smacking his lips. ' Even with fuel oil at one hundred and fifty shillings the ton, there will still be a margin. If we are loaded under with profitable stores, I won't grudge a cask or two of Sir John Toppys's oil. We play fair, Madame. The owner gets his share, a full honest share.'

' For rank buccaneers and smugglers,' observed Madame contemplatively, ' we seem to be indifferent honest. Go ahead, my good but disreputable friends. And if you should require any cash, I am in this thing with you up to my fair neck.'

' Madame,' declared Ewing gloomily. ' You make the re-collection of my gude-wife fair burdensome to me, fair burden-some ! We should ha' made a bonnie pair of pirates, you and I.'

Ewing speedily found that Plymouth was an unsympathetic base for his illicit operations. In the old days, Cawsand, at the western entrance of the Sound had been a famous smuggling centre, but its glory had departed. Plymouth itself was hedged

about with unromantic restrictions. Ewing's Glasgow accomplices could pass down dyestuffs and chemicals in gratifying quantity, but dopes, the glowing fount of profits, declined to flow. 'The English,' wailed Ewing, 'give no encouragement to honest Scottish enterprise. Their jealousy is just parochial. There was a time when one could ship any damn thing out of Glasgow, but there is too much of the Royal British fossilised old Navy about Plymouth. Give me immoral *belle France*, and worthy dishonest Spain!'

He did better at Bordeaux, and best of all at Lisbon, to which easy-going jumping-off place his Glasgow friends ordered Switzerland to consign the soul-raising dopes which England had barred as immoral. There are few scruples about Switzerland, and fewer still about Portugal. 'We Scots are proud of our national institutions,' remarked Ewing, when Lisbon unfolded to him its charms as an abettor of crime, 'until we come to experience their rotten foolishness. We are too intolerant and logical; give me the broad-minded and wholly unscrupulous Dagoes for business partners. We lack sympathy with human weakness, but the Dagoes coin dollars out of it all the time. If I were a wee bit younger, I would turn Dago myself.'

When at last the *Humming Top* cast off at Lisbon, and stretched away at her leisurely eleven knots for Colon and the South Seas, she was stuffed with stores of 'prodeegious richness,' all insured. 'But go careful, Ching, if you love me,' implored Ewing. 'I have covered the lot on board of us at Lloyd's, but a claim won't bear looking into. If we do get wrecked, this side of Valparaiso, it has got to be a thorough casualty. A total loss. A sunk ship tells no tales.'

'We are not going to be lost,' promised the skipper.

'Speak softly, man,' whispered Ewing. 'Speak soft. Rub wood. Ye carry Cæsar and his fortunes! There is sair peril in boastfulness at sea.'

The plunder was gathered in fat United States dollars, a noble currency which towers like a mountain peak amidst the wreckage of European depreciated paper. Ewing saw to that. He dribbled out his highly demanded stores at South American ports, in quantities that rather added to than diminished the exuberant buoyancy of the market. He was a Scotsman who had Made a Corner—next, perhaps, to a Scotsman on the Make, the most noble worr-rk of God. Dagoes of varied hues, and of more than doubtful parentage, came and went—they were closeted with Ewing

in the saloon, and departed stripped. They got their dyes and their chemicals, and their naughty dopes, but what a hair-raising price they were compelled to pay! 'I am no profiteer,' declared Ewing, 'just a plain honest Scottish mairchant. I charge no mair than the mar-r-r-ket will bear, and I have a suspeecion that there will be no Excess Profits duty paid on this deal. We are private pairsons engaged in honourable professions, not traders nor registered partners. Besides, we are out of the jurisdiction of the wucked English Income Tax. We are patriots, too, employed upon the noble war-r-rk of reconstructing the trade of the British Empire.' When one combines lofty patriotism with some five hundred per cent. profit, the result is profoundly gratifying!

Madame Gilbert all this while was enjoying herself, and in no hurry to get at grips with the problem of the twenty-eighth Baron of Topsham. Every week which passed at sea made the purpose of her voyage seem more bizarre and incredible. Yet she was constantly reminded of its reality. Though they knew it not, here were Ching and Ewing, together with some two dozen officers and men, at a cost which ran into hundreds of pounds a week, steaming to the ends of the earth solely for that bizarre and incredible purpose. Madame had made her own position luminously clear. She was going with no plan, and under no promise. She was not going to smother Willatopy, or tip him into the sea—which would have been of little use, since he swam like a dolphin. She was not going to poison his food, or even to kidnap him. She was simply going to see what this half-caste Baron looked like, and to order her movements in accordance with her impressions. She talked with Ching and Ewing upon every subject in earth or heaven except this one. The Family Secret must remain secret, until the day arrived when secrecy should avail nothing. When that day would dawn, Madame had no idea. To anyone except Sir John Toppys—and, curiously enough, Roger Gatepath—the whole expedition would have seemed a ridiculous waste of money. But both of them were at their wits' end, and both of them had a child-like faith in Madame Gilbert's lively intelligence and resource. Something striking would result from the voyage, of that they felt convinced; though what it would be they had no conception. Neither had Madame. Yet she went. The Family Misfortune intrigued her, and she wanted to see it at close quarters—to make it crawl at her feet, and eat out of her hand.

At Auckland, in addition to the stores of oil fuel, they shipped

trading goods for the islands, and stowed them carefully away in the empty cabins, and in the snug wee hold which had already served the adventurers so well. These saleable commodities were designed to give to the wandering yacht a commercial status, and might possibly, almost certainly, add some few dollars of profit to their bursting treasury. 'One can never make too much profit,' explained Ewing, 'especially when one doesn't pay any excess taxes to the extortionate English Government. Cash, in American dollars, tells no tales.' Ewing had already decided that the *Humming Top* should look in at an American port on the way home, and that the boodle should be deposited out of harm's way, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. A dread lest the tax-gatherers of England might yet grab some of it possessed him. In his management of the Auckland stores, his genius for finance rose to lofty heights.

'We will invest the alleged share of Sir John Toppys in this island trade,' declared he. 'If we make a loss—and it is not a business which I vairy clearly comprehend—then the loss will fall upon the owner of the yacht. Which is just. Idle and rich owners must take some risk; that is what they are for. If we realise at a profit—and my friends here say that the islands are stripped, and will buy anything ravenously—if we realise a profit, of course it belongs to us who have airned it. To me and Ching,' he added hastily, lest Madame should intrude with a claim. 'Sir John's share will be put back, untouched; we are honest men.'

When Madame hinted that righteous dealing had not quite been given a full rein, Ewing protested sorrowfully that, as an operation of business, what he proposed was spotless, white as driven snow on the bonnie hills of Scotland. 'Sir John is a capeetalist,' said he. 'He would not wish his funds to lie idle in yon safe. He would wish that they should be employed in the reconstruction of the British Empire. That's what we are going to do with them. Would you leave his money fruitless, just because we are twelve thousand miles away and cannot ask his permission to employ it? Would you be baffled by a formality like yon? Capeetalists always love to tur-r-rn their money over. We will tur-r-rn Sir John's over for him. We will make it skip. It's going to belong to us anyway—you will see to that, Madame—although, for the moment, we are holding it for him in trust. I am not what you could exactly call a man of business, but I have grasped the inherent principles of the job.'

'You grasp the principles—and most other things,' said Madame, smiling. Her joy in Ewing never failed, and between the pair had grown up a very close affection. She liked the simple kindly unselfish Ching, but as a study in humanity he could not compete in interest with the great Alexander.

Ching made no mystery of the sea-craft in which he was a master. He took Madame and Ewing wholly into his confidence, and earned their full confidence in return. The yacht was about to sail in waters where destruction awaited eagerly any slip by a careless navigator, and Ching was not taking any risks which could be avoided. 'I am not going to see more of the coral reefs than I'm obliged,' said he, during the first dinner out of Auckland. 'We shall get our bellyful of them in the Straits, especially if Madame here has a fancy for uncharted channels. I am taking the *Humming Top* by the outer passage, as far east of the Great Barrier as I can get, and then come down to Thursday Island by the Bligh entrance. There is a well-known inner passage between the barrier and the Queensland coast; it is sheltered and lighted like the Strand; but, as it isn't much wider, I'm not taking any of it. We are 230 feet long, and draw ten and a half feet of water. I couldn't look at the passage without a pilot, and there might not be one to the *Humming Top*. She's a vagrant yacht, not a real ship.'

'She is an island trader,' corrected Ewing with dignity.

'Humph,' replied Ching. 'A ton or two of frippery doesn't turn a yacht into a ship. We are a rich man's toy, and don't count for much on the high seas. Our burgee and Blue Ensign look consequential at Auckland, but an ancient island schooner would make more stir in the Straits. Trade must run both ways to be taken seriously. I take it that we are not going to carry copra to the English soap-boilers, or smoked sea-slugs for the Chinese soup market. And if we don't do both, the island trade has no use for us, and no interest in us.'

'You make us feel humble,' said Madame smiling. 'I had become proud of the *Humming Top*.'

'She's a fine craft, but a yacht isn't a real ship, Madame.'

'She was a real enough ship when you and I ran her in, at seventeen knots, under the guns at Zeebrugge to pick up the Navy boys in the watter,' shouted Ewing.

'That was another Service,' returned Ching stolidly. 'She was a *ship* then. Now she's a yacht. I'm proud to command her

now, as I was then: but I want to make you see that, as a yacht, she has no status on the seas. If pilots are scarce, we shall have no call on one. We've got to run our own risks by ourselves, and to make them as small as we know how. Is that clear?'

'As crystal,' said Madame. 'Also humiliating. And I thought I was rather a swell, cruising about the world in a yacht which was practically my own.'

'You always would be a swell anywhere,' said Ching politely. 'But, on the high seas, the mistress of a yacht doesn't count for a row of beans.'

. . . . . .

It was well into May when, far up in the Gulf of Papua, Ching swung the *Humming Top* to the westward, and began the hazardous unaided penetration of the coral barriers which lay between the Bligh entrance and Thursday Island. The weather was perfect and could be depended upon. It was the season of the regular south-east trade, the sunny rainless season of the Torres winter. The wind would gather strength every morning up to a half gale at noon, and then decline to a calm after sunset. The tides ran very strongly, between three and four knots, and gained in speed as the Straits narrowed, but to judge the tidal drift, and the variable leeway due to the rise and fall of the trade wind, was child's play to a seaman of Ching's quality. Upon his chart were marked all the islands, many of them loftily volcanic, others low coral atolls, and the sandbanks, known locally as cays. He could work by taking bearings of the more conspicuous features, and by calculating his horizontal danger-angles with a generous margin. He assumed that every island had an inner fringing reef, and an outer barrier—though many of them had no barrier—and that every surf-swept cay shelved slowly into the depths. Time was not his master, and Ching was a cautious man. When one evening, just after sunset, he raised the beacon on the Bramble Cay, and found the position of the yacht very near to his dead reckoning, he patted himself on the back, and went to dinner with a mind temporarily at ease. He dropped his anchor off the Black Rocks at the exact point for which he had aimed—the Bligh entrance to the North-East Channel.

'Now the fun is about to begin,' said he, smiling. Madame plied him with broad flattery, and the chief did his rather clumsy best to support her. Now that the yacht was actually in the Straits, Ewing had enough of good sense to attend to his own job,

and to leave Ching unharried to attend to his. Both Madame and Ewing were well pleased to see the captain smile.

Navigation on the following day would have been less hair-raising if the chart had been half so wise as it pretended. But since most of its features were based upon surveys of some half a century earlier, and the coral polyp is an industrious creature, there was a wide margin of conjecture left to the hardy sailor. The channels were deep enough—Ching sometimes had fourteen fathoms, and usually not less than ten, under his forefoot—but there were so many of them, and they were so liberally cut into by what, in trench warfare, were called traverses, that running a vessel through them was very like threading an imperfectly remembered maze. Still, the skipper's eye for water held true, he could generally tell by the look of the surface if the reefs were closing in upon him, and the lead which was freely kept going warned him off the sandbanks. He ran dead-slow all through the day, except when the tide setting against him called for half-speed. More than once he was obliged to stop, and back out of a *cul de sac*, but there was usually plenty of water under foot, and a timely warning, by eye or lead, when obstructions were reaching up towards the broken surface. All through the day the *Humming Top* never touched once, and Ching began to feel that he needed but a licence to rate himself a pilot of the Straits. But his self-satisfaction was not destined to last very long.

It was about five o'clock, and for an hour past the skipper had noticed a fully decked yawl, sailed apparently single-handed, following on his own course about a mile to leeward. With the tide under her and sailing on a beam wind this thirty-foot yawl was moving rather faster than the big yacht, which she was gradually overhauling. The yawl pulled in more and more to the south of west, and passing astern of the *Humming Top* reached out towards a group of islands which Ching judged to be away from his own channel. He himself bore off almost due west, and the gap between the steam yacht and the yawl opened out rapidly. That was about five o'clock. Ching was therefore surprised, half an hour later, to see the yawl come flying out of space with the wind behind her, and steering direct for his own port bow with apparently a complete disregard for the intricacies of the coral channels. He put up his glass. The yawl was, as he had judged, sailed single-handed. Her skipper, a small white figure with a bare black head, was sitting by the tiller and, as Ching looked,

he seemed to be waving one hand. There could be no doubt that the yawl was making for the yacht; so, with sailor courtesy, Ching rang off his engines and waited for the little craft to arrive.

She came with a rush and swirl which showed, at least, high courage in her solitary navigator. She passed the bow of the *Humming Top* at about a hundred yards' distance, swung under the lee of the yacht, and skilfully used the flow of the tide as a brake upon her progress. The white figure sprang up, let the yawl swing with flapping sails into the wind, and then, in thirty active seconds, had lowered and roughly stowed mainsail, jib, and foresail. He left the spanker standing set on the small mizzen aft. The whole manœuvre was so accurately timed that the yawl had lost her way when she arrived close beside the *Humming Top's* counter. In a moment more the visitor had caught a line which was deftly thrown to him from the yacht, reeved it through a ring-bolt by his bowsprit, hauled his little vessel half round, and sprang, active as a monkey, up the seven feet of freeboard to the *Humming Top's* rail. His deserted yawl trailed away at the end of the line, and her late skipper and crew, now aboard the *Humming Top*, strolled forrard grinning capaciously. It could now be seen that, though clad in the white palm-beach trousers, and fine cotton shirt of an Englishman, he was a dark-skinned frizzy-haired Melanesian. His feet were bare, and his head was bare; the shirt and trousers seemed to comprise his entire wardrobe.

He moved forrard, looking curiously and eagerly at the yacht's equipment. He mounted the steps of the shade deck on which were stowed four life-boats, a small dinghy, and a twenty-foot motor launch. His eyes ran closely over all of them; the motor-boat seemed specially to please him. He passed the yellow funnel, and peered into the smoke-room, a pleasant structure in which Madame Gilbert spent much of her time on deck. She was within at the moment; she caught a glimpse of a dark grinning face, and started slightly at the contrast between the brown of the face and the bright blue eyes which looked eagerly out of it. It was the face of a boy of some twenty years. Madame saw him for a brief instant, and wondering who he was, and how he had reached the yacht—she had not witnessed his masterly boarding operation—came out on the boat-deck to see more. An unexpected incident is very welcome indeed on a long voyage, unbroken except by smuggling operations. The boy reached the chart-room and

wheel-house, above which was built the bridge, with the engine and steering telegraphs. Ching, from the bridge, looked down upon the boy, and the boy looked up at Ching. The visitor waved a hand at the captain. 'Cheerio, skipper!' cried he. 'You are a bit off your course, aren't you?'

His voice was not unpleasing, and his English was surprisingly good for a coffee-coloured native—dark coffee, too.

'That depends on what the course is,' replied Ching shortly. He was frowning, and his genial eye had gone cold.

What I have described did not occupy more than a very few minutes, during which time the yacht, with her engines stopped, was idly drifting under the influence of wind and tide.

'At present,' said the boy, showing his fine white teeth as he grinned broadly, 'you are bound for the Warrior Reefs. That was why I boarded you.'

Ching spoke briefly to a sailor who was with him on the bridge, and then dropped down to the chart-room beneath. The boy mounted the bridge-ladder and took a comprehensive look round. What he saw did not please him. His blue eyes hardened—they were a bright steely blue, very unusual eyes even in an English face, and incredible in a native of the Torres Straits—and going straight to one of the engine-room telegraphs, pulled the lever over to half-speed astern. The bell clanged.

As a wounded tiger bursts open-mouthed and raging from its ravished retreat in the jungle, so Ching furiously burst from the chart-room at the sound of that bell. And for my part I would sooner face a wounded tiger in the jungle than a mild-mannered Devonshire ship captain, upon whose engine-room telegraph I had set my lawless hand. The skipper sprang on the bridge, pushed the boy away so roughly that he sprawled over the weather cloths, snapped the telegraph back to STOP, and roared:

'Chuck this nig—young feller—into his boat, and cut him adrift.' It says much, very much, for the inherent kindliness of our Robert Ching that, even under stress of an unparalleled trespass upon his prerogatives as commander, he bit back the offensive word 'nigger.'

The sailor sprang at the boy, who evaded the rush with lithe ease. He was quite calm, and still grinned cheerfully.

'Wait,' cried he, in a tone so gleefully significant that the sailor stopped, and even Ching looked up curiously. 'Wait!' cried the boy, holding up his hand. They waited until one

might count perhaps ten, and then that for which they waited befell:—

G-RRR-H! G-RRR-H! G-RRR-H!

The *Humming Top* took the hidden reef with a slow grinding crash which made her shiver, and under pressure of wind and tide she bit deeper and deeper into the coral. It was well for her at that moment that between her steel plates and the reef there interposed faithful baulks of previsionary teak.

The boy, with a heedless courage, which to me seems almost sublime—after all a skipper is a skipper, and a very great man on his own bridge—the boy pushed past the captain of the yacht, laid his brown sacrilegious hand once more on the engine-room telegraph and banged the lever over to *full speed astern*. 'Go!' he said sharply to the amazed sailorman. 'Jump into my yawl, and fend her off as we go astern.'

I am afraid that, when that crash came, the chief-engineer laughed. He had seen nothing of the incidents on deck, but the sudden grounding of the yacht, after the strange vacillations of the telegraph, suggested that Ching had blundered badly. And Ewing, as a platonic rival with Ching for the favours of Madame Gilbert, was not disposed to cry over the skipper's troubles. He gave full speed astern with a will, and under the hefty pull of the twin screws the yacht was dragged off within a few seconds. The tide, happily, was flowing.

'Keep her *so*,' ordered the boy indicating the correct course with his hand, and the skipper, to his own surprise, kept her so. There was an intimate local knowledge, and a masterful confidence, about this intrusive Melanesian which made him irresistible.

From that moment, extraordinary as it may seem to the reader, the strange boy took charge. He set the backward course, and kept the *Humming Top* at full speed astern for more than three miles. Ching had overshot a hidden turning in the channel, he had run into a narrow byway in which there was no space for so long a vessel to turn round. She was 230 feet over all. The new pilot quite evidently needed no chart, and possibly would not have understood one had it been spread before him. Every reef and bank was as familiar to him, from constant sailing by them and all over them, as are the streets of one's native town. He conned the *Humming Top* by movements of his hand, for although he understood the uses of an engine-room telegraph, that other telegraph which controlled the wheel below was apparently strange to him.

He gave his orders by signs, and the rightful skipper humbly obeyed. It was a triumph of intensive local experience over professional training.

When he had backed the yacht a sufficient distance to satisfy his own judgment, this boy sent her forward once more—not at poor Ching's cautious dead-slow or half-speed, but at a ramping eleven knots—following the windings of the deep waterways with consummate assurance. Now and then, when it seemed to the eye of Ching that he was running straight upon surf-broken dangers, a sailor would be ordered forrard with the lead, but the result was always the same. The depth was never less than ten fathoms, and the breakers that threatened reefs were an innocuous tide rip. The boy watched the skipper's precautions, and grinned derisively.

This went on for more than an hour, the evening drew in, and Ching, at last convinced that he was in the hands of a master of the Coral Sea, spoke. Hitherto he had obeyed the signs of the boy—obeyed, though savagely reluctant—yet had said nothing. Now he spoke.

'Are you a pilot, boy?'

'Oh, no! I am no pilot. I am very rich and do not work. I was sailing down to Thursday Island in my yawl—to see my banker and collect my money. I have much money. When I saw you running this nice ship on the Warrior Reefs, I sailed across to show you the proper way. No pearl-raking pilot can teach me anything. They are no good, no good at all.'

'You seem to know the channels,' assented Ching.

'All of them,' said the boy. 'Not these only for a big, big, ship, but the little ones, too. I do not sail in and out, as I am taking you now. I cut across wherever I please. There is always water to be found, if one knows where to look for it.'

'It is getting dark,' said Ching, 'and there is a short twilight in these latitudes. Can you see, or shall we anchor now?'

'I can see. I can steer you all through the night if you please. But if you and the white lady, the beautiful white lady with the hair so red, would wish to anchor, I will take you to a safe place.' His hand waved here and there, the growing darkness made no difference to him, and presently the *Humming Top* was riding quietly at her anchor in the lagoon of a low coral atoll. The boy had conned her through the barrier reef, and laid her up in the smooth water within. Ching gasped as the yacht slipped in through a narrow swirling gap in the reef, little wider than her own 30 feet

of beam. It was like pushing a Rolls-Royce in between two threatening motor lorries.

'Boy,' said Ching slowly, when the anchor had splashed into the warm quiet sea, 'I meant to throw you overboard, and you jolly well deserved it for monkeying with my telegraph. But I will say that you are a daisy of a pilot.'

As they came down from the bridge, they met Madame by the smoke-room door. 'Who is that?' she enquired, 'a native pilot?'

'No,' replied the boy, before Ching could speak. 'I am no pilot. I am very rich, and do not work. I am going to Thursday Island, to see my banker and get my money. I am Willatopy.'

MISERS IN LITERATURE AND ART.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

Of all the passions that debase our common nature, none is more hideous than the cult of Mammon, when carried to its extreme developments, which fortunately are rare. But, whether because the monstrous has its own attraction, or because it is a foil to fairer things, it is indisputable that many men of genius have found pleasure in exploring and exhibiting this most repellent form of moral deformity. For example, at least one great artist—I mean, of course, the Fleming, Quentin Matsys (1466–1559)—may almost be said to have specialised in this line. And yet no man ever had a finer sense of the dignity of human nature than is shown in the same painter's 'Deposition,' in the Antwerp Gallery, which, for noble rendering of the beauty of sorrow, has never been surpassed. His misers, on the other hand, are types of physical degeneracy resulting out of spiritual aberration. In his male and female versions of this subject—multiplied, as they are, in countless school-pictures—the distinctions and attributes of sex are seen to be wholly lost; the miser and his wife are interchangeable. The implication is that all other passions have yielded to the master-passion—a psychological fact which is likewise insisted on by Zola, in his novel of 'L'Argent,' where a trap laid for a financier, and baited with female beauty, is represented as failing of its object, because in him greed has swallowed up animalism. The misers of Matsys wear the appearance of people who not merely are no longer young, but who have never been so. Their joy over their accumulated possessions is more sombre than the burthen of Ecclesiastes, or of Dürer's 'Melancholia.'

Among the poets' usurers, the first place must be claimed for Shylock. Yet Shylock's avarice has, at least, the apology that he has been goaded into it by racial and personal persecution. As Macaulay has urged in defence of the doctrine of Machiavelli, Shylock's weapon is the resource of the else helpless man. In a first view of 'The Merchant of Venice,' it scarcely appears that probability comes within the author's scheme; for, derived from old stories though they be, the incident of the caskets, no less than that of the pound of flesh, staggers belief. But the editors of the

Clarendon Press 'Shakespeare' assure us that an audience of that day, 'accustomed as they were to attribute all manner of atrocities to the mysterious people whom they feared as well as hated, would see no improbability in Shylock's conduct.' And one's recollection of the Tisza Eszlar case of alleged human sacrifice among Hungarian Jews, less than forty years ago, certainly supports this view. In Shylock's fury, paternal feeling sinks into nothingness beside offended avarice: 'I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!' Yet, for all this, Shylock is not a miser *pur sang*; for he prefers the satisfaction of his spite to money, as is shown by his reply to Bassanio, when the latter seeks to buy Antonio off:—

> If every ducat in six thousand ducats
> Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
> I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

It is a misfortune that no great actor has been seen in Shylock in our time, for Sir Henry Irving's rendering of the part could scarcely be described as more than an interesting performance.

Sir Giles Overreach, the 'cruel extortioner' of Massinger's 'New Way to Pay Old Debts' (first printed in 1633), is admittedly a portrait of a notorious miscreant. What a world of self-revelation is summed up in these lines, which he addresses to a prospective son-in-law:—

> If you will have my character
> In little, I enjoy more true delight
> In my arrival to my wealth these dark
> And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
> In spending what my industry hath compass'd.

But though his delight in amassing wealth derives its keenest relish from the sly and underhand tricks to which he owes it, Sir Giles is, no more than Shylock, a miser pure and unadulterate, wholly dedicated to a single aim. For, in him, Avarice is the handmaid of Ambition, and wealth a means to advancement rather than an end. Where Shylock humbles himself to bear all things, biding his time, Overreach (read Mompesson) is from the first a domineering brute; so that his madness, after the frustration of his schemes, is made by an artistic master-stroke to appear as the just and inevitable culmination of foregoing bouts of passion.

Molière's 'L'Avare' presents a ghastly picture of all that is most essential in the miser type, uncomplicated by any side issue; and if the result is perhaps less entirely life-like than the studies of our native dramatists, it is certainly a masterly and characteristic example of the French dramatic method. Goethe (who, to his credit, defended the Frenchman against the pedantic belittlement of August Schlegel) was his enthusiastic admirer. 'I have known and loved Molière from youth,' he observes to Eckermann, and have learned from him through life. . . . It is not merely his perfect artistry that delights me, but his charming nature too.' Speaking of 'L'Avare,' he adds: 'This play, in which avarice destroys all natural affection between father and son, is specially great, and in a high sense tragic. But when the German adapter substitutes a kinsman for the son, the entire play loses significance.' A worthy tribute from one great man to another. And, by the way, what an appreciation of the value of stage effect in interpreting character is shown in the simple touch by which Harpagon interrupts an impassioned dialogue, in order that he may blow out one of two candles that are burning! Balzac's miser is, in his own way, as great a creation as Molière's. Superficially there is nothing repellent about Grandet; he is neither sordid nor frightful, and plays his part without recourse to frenzies or to curses. Were we to meet with him, we should take him for just what he is—that is, a not undignified specimen of the well-to-do citizen trader. What we should not suspect is that two delicate and sensitive existences are being slowly ground into the dust beneath his Juggernaut, wealth. Of two evil things, the shrieking of Harpagon over his vanished treasure is certainly less formidable than the cool self-assurance with which Grandet shatters the dream of his daughter's youth, and, rather than put hand in his pocket, condemns her to dreary celibacy for life. Insidious enough, no doubt, when we encounter them, are the Shylocks, Mompessons, Harpagons of the world. But still more redoubtable, as likewise oftener to be met with, is he, who, absorbed in his own infatuation, lives dead to human sympathy and indifferent to the happiness of those depending on him.

Fardorougha the Miser, of Will Carleton's novel (published in 1839), is an intensely animated figure, whose creator assures us that he knew the original intimately, and that readers familiar with the county of Louth will recall 'the little withered old man, who always wore his greatcoat about his shoulders, and kept perpetually

sucking in his cheeks.' When Fardorougha is called on to secure his only son's happiness, by parting with money to promote his marriage, the struggle between niggardliness and parental love is sharp, and it is niggardliness that triumphs. But when he is called on to furnish funds for the defence of his son, accused upon a capital charge, the struggle is intensified tenfold. 'See how his small grey eyes glare,' remarks a bystander, 'and how the froth rises white to his thin shrivelled lips.' But in this case it is fatherly affection which, at long last, gains the day. Though a rich man for his station, Fardorougha is haunted by the fear of death by starvation; and yet, when ruin falls upon him, it seems for a time to have come as a blessing. But it cannot kill his old nature, as is proved by his death-bed exhortation to his family, to drive a hard bargain with the priest when arranging masses for his soul's repose. His creator declares that misers are detested in Ireland even more than elsewhere. And yet—unlike Shylock and Overreach, Harpagon and Grandet—Fardorougha O'Donovan retains a modicum of our sympathy, on the ground that, in him, the money-madness has not annihilated natural feeling.

In the marvellous gallery of portraits presented by Dickens's novel, there are several which overshadow that of Martin Chuzzle wit himself. But the scene of his detention at the wayside inn, sick unto death, unable to take his money with him, and unwilling that any one of his numerous kindred should inherit it, is one that I think must linger in every reader's memory. 'Ugh!' he cries, 'what a calendar of deceit, and lying, and false-witnessing, the sound of any word of kindred opens before me!' And certainly the egregious clan over which Mr. Pecksniff presided went far to justify his animadversion. The sweetness of temper which characterised Mr. Thomas Hardy's earlier novels extends to Benjie Derriman of 'The Trumpet Major,' a chirpy and innocuous little miser, whose shifts to outwit the greed of his swashbuckler nephew supply not the least delightful scenes of that most delightful novel. But the credit of devising the finest effect ever wrought out of the miser motive in fiction must be assigned to George Eliot, on account of the reclamation of Silas Marner, through his love of the foundling child discovered sleeping on his cottage floor, with its golden head on the very spot whence his hoard of gold has been abstracted. Possibly none but a woman could have conceived or done justice to this tender incident, and our knowledge that that woman herself was childless adds a pathos to the thought. That there is hope

of moral salvation for the miser, she alone of the authors here cited has cared to show. Her antidote to the virus of avarice—a frantic madness in Harpagon, a corrosive poison in Overreach, a loss of faith in humanity in Chuzzlewit—is the love of a helpless and dependent fellow-creature, and no doubt it is the best. But, in its own way, intellectual culture may do much in the same direction. For, given a mere sufficiency for the needs of decent living, it will generally be found that your truly cultivated man is entirely indifferent to money, as he is entirely independent of it for the enjoyment of life. For the true appreciation of a landscape, a picture, or a book, is a more important thing than the mere ownership of any of the three.

THE SECRET OF SARAGOSSA FARM.

BY A. LOURD.

THIS is a true story of the War, but it is unlike most war stories in that it contains no descriptions of the sound that is made by an approaching 5·9-inch shell, nor of the emotions felt by the soldier when the beastly thing detonates. In fact, there is very little that suggests the pomp of war in this simple tale. Such interest as it may arouse will concern the gourmet rather than the frugal soldier. But I present it unembellished, and leave to the reader the choice of adding to the score the usual stage adjuncts of crumps, toc-emmas, and whizz-bangs, which have been sufficiently described in most modern war stories, even if their doubtful attractions are not familiar enough to the memories of most British citizens.

It was September, in the year 19—, and the Ypres salient was unusually quiet. The weather, too, had been comparatively good. Some of the trenches were almost dry, and even the low-lying saps near the Morteldle estaminet were not more than a foot deep in mud. Occasional raids, registrations, retaliations, and small bombardments provided us heavy gunners with sufficient interest to counteract a natural tendency to boredom, and an energetic Corps Commander inspirited us daily with memorandums on the necessity for preparation for brisker times in the future. We had accordingly been told to select all the observation posts we required to meet any emergency, and to build, 'without fail,' dug-outs of such strength as to resist eight-inch shell, in the vicinity of each O.P. Each post was to be provided with perfect telephonic communication, the wires to be buried at least six feet deep. Artistic panoramic sketches were to be drawn by amateur artists, depicting the beauties of the views from the O.P.s; symphonies in brown they proved to be, dotted with futurist representations of scarred tree-trunks and shattered farm-houses. The great question was, Which O.P.s to keep and which to discard?

'Of course,' I said to my small staff, over our bacon and eggs, 'we must claim Frascati, Coney Street, Hill Top, that place in a trench at Wieltje, and Hull's Farm Cottages, etc.'

'What about Saragossa Farm, sir?' asked the Orderly Officer. 'It is on the old list of O.P.s, but no one ever seems to use it.'

'It isn't much use,' I said. 'I have looked at it, but it is rather far from the line, and you don't see much you can't see from Hull's Farm Cottages. But I will look in there this morning on my way to Coney Street and see if it is worth keeping.'

'We can't get enough concrete to make all these dug-outs,' sighed the Adjutant, 'and as for burying all the wire in a hurry, it is out of the question.'

'True,' I replied, 'but the order was issued by an idealist, and we must obey it in spirit, if not in the letter. I am rather anxious, too, about the tin stunted willow tree near Coney Street. The camouflage experts made it beautifully, and it did look exactly like its natural brethren; but the living specimens have now thoughtlessly adopted their autumn tints, and our tin friend still remains obstinately green, defying the change of season. Something must be done.'

So I drove off through Brielen, and, quitting the car before coming into view of the German O.P.s, I sneaked along hedges, like a tramp with a guilty conscience, and reached the back of Saragossa Farm. There were two damaged buildings standing. The interior of the left-hand house presented the usual appearance of a derelict home near the front. Rubbish of all kinds lay about, mattresses, tin helmets, perambulators, cartridges, broken chairs, and children's toys—always the most pathetic-looking relics in such heaps. I climbed up a very rickety ladder and gazed out through a pigeon-hole, over the canal towards Boesinghe and Artillery Wood. A few shells were falling here and there, but otherwise all was quiet. I descended, uninspired by the view. The house was in an unsafe condition, owing to pieces of the walls having been carried away by hits. Part of the ground floor appeared to have been used in former days as a cowshed, and I was looking round at the débris, and wondering what our immaculate Corps Commander would think of such an untidy rubbish heap as an O.P., when my attention was suddenly riveted by what I saw in a corner of the building. 'Mushrooms!' I exclaimed, 'and beauties.' There before me was a magnificent crop of edible fungi in the best of condition. I hastily removed various articles from my haversack, and placing these in my pockets, I filled the haversack with the delicacies, first carefully examining the building to see if any other Artillery O.P. seekers were present in the building. Not a soul! The place looked absolutely deserted and untended. So I sneaked away, bending down as I left the building to conceal my form behind the hedges

from the enemy—indeed, from enemies on all sides. Making a détour, I crossed the canal by the cemetery, and walked up the Coney Street trench. I visited various well-known points, and returned to my headquarters.

'Mushrooms for dinner,' I remarked to the Adjutant, as I entered, and took off all my paraphernalia. 'Very quiet to-day,' I added. 'By the way, you had better add Saragossa Farm to the list of O.P.s we want. Call it a Reserve O.P., and say that, though I want to retain it, I do not wish to expend concrete and labour on it at present, in view of the more important tasks to be carried out, and the scarcity of material.' My Adjutant made a note, and continued his correspondence.

The mushrooms were excellent. Now the mushroom is a crank. You may buy the best bricks, and do everything you should do with manure and temperature regulation, and nothing may happen. But from old experience, I knew that once mushrooms elect to congregate on a spot, they continue to spring up. I knew also that if I mentioned the presence of a mushroom bed at Saragossa, the fact would be known all over the salient in a day, so I resolved to keep the secret, even from my own staff. Meanwhile, I must secure Saragossa.

A day or two later I received the following:—

'The G.O.C. R.A., while approving of the other O.P.s mentioned in your minute No. 24/H.A. 3002, can see no reason for your retaining Saragossa Farm. The G.O.C. R.A. has himself visited the Farm and considers the place almost useless as an O.P. If, however, its retention be still considered necessary by you, the place must be properly cleaned up, dug-outs made, panorama sketches executed, and wires buried as directed by the Corps Commander in his circular memorandum No. R.A. Straff. 9002.'

To which I replied that I still considered the retention of Saragossa advisable, and that I proposed to defer the execution of the necessary work there until work on the more important O.P.s had been completed. Saragossa was duly allotted to me.

There ensued a pause of two weeks, during which I collected several goodly crops of mushrooms. And I hoped that Saragossa Farm had fallen into the official oblivion it deserved.

Some heavy rain seemed to stimulate the fungi, and we ate mushrooms for breakfast and dinner. Saragossa was conveniently situated on the route to other O.P.s, and a haversack is easily

carried. But one morning, I noticed a look of profound gloom on the face of my Adjutant. 'We have received an awful stinker, sir,' he said, as he handed me a paper, on which it was stated that our Corps Commander himself, in person, had visited Saragossa; had found the place utterly neglected, no dug-outs, no sketch, no wires. The farm was dirty and a positive danger to the health of the troops in the salient. Moreover, he, our Corps Commander, had climbed a very dangerous twenty-feet ladder and could see little or nothing from the loft. Progress reports as to action taken were to be sent in twice a week. Work was to be begun without delay. A better means of reaching the loft was to be provided, etc., etc.

'Has the Nth Battery started work on the Hull's Farm Cottage dug-out,' I asked?—'Yes.'—'Then tell them when they are taking material to Hull's Farm, which they do by night, to drop four or five pieces of timber and a few hundred empty sandbags at Saragossa.' The presence of a few stores, I felt sure, would relieve the distress of our Corps Commander should he again visit Saragossa. If the way to hell is paved with good intentions, the few sandbags and pieces of wood I proposed to leave lying in Saragossa represented a tiny step in the wrong direction, but the mushrooms were so good.

'Write a memo to the Corps Heavy Artillery,' I said to the Adjutant, 'requesting that a Corps Order may be issued forbidding Officers and other ranks to visit O.P.s in the day time without the permission of the Artillery Commander in charge of the O.P. Point out that O.P.s are often given away by the careless movements of Staff Officers etc. And warn the Nth Battery that they must leave the material at Saragossa by night. They cannot possibly take handcarts there by day without the Bosches seeing them.'

This was a prudent step, as the mushrooms were springing up so well as to be very obvious to anyone entering the building.

A few days later, the distinguished Artillery General of the Corps expressed a wish that I should accompany him on a visit to Saragossa, as he wished for an explanation as to why I wished to retain the farm as an O.P. Fortunately, I had time on one of my periodical mushrooming excursions to make a panoramic sketch from the pigeon-loft. We proceeded together, and sat on a cross beam like two roosting fowls, gazing at the landscape. I explained how, in the event of the Germans capturing a few of our trenches, they

would immediately come into view of Saragossa. I showed him four pieces of timber and some sandbags left by the Nth Battery, materials for the construction of the dug-out. I was able, from a thorough knowledge of the geography of the farm, to avoid the mushroom bed, and pointed out the advantage of using a farm building, the tottering walls of which would act as a burster to shell intended to damage my O.P. It was a clear sunny day, and as the general contours of a portion of the High Command Redoubt were really visible from the pigeon-loft, I was able to convince the General of the value of the building.

In spite of the fact that our Medical Officer considered that our mess diet was somewhat deficient in proteids and that a superfluity of mushrooms was dangerous, we all kept well.

My conscience rebelled against my inclination to connect up Saragossa with my telephone circuit, as the nearest junction was at least half a mile away. So, although the four pieces of timber and the sandbags provided useful camouflage for a few weeks, I was a little doubtful as to whether these would suffice to give satisfaction to the Corps Commander for long. Corps Commanders and such like potentates need eye lotions to be administered at more or less regular intervals. But it would have taken nights of labour even to clean up Saragossa, and so I decided I would do no more. My half-weekly 'Progress Reports of work carried out at Saragossa' gave little information or satisfaction. The memorandums I received were couched in strong terms. I continued to procrastinate. I felt I was living under a cloud. I obtained some credit in the eyes of the Corps Commander on the occasion of his four hours' inspection of the twenty odd men at my Headquarters, when he smelt the 'bully beef aux champignons' served up at the men's dinner hour; but, although he subsequently issued a Corps Order on 'Variety of Diet' and the use to be made of mushrooms and ketchup, I felt that even this would not compensate for the deplorable condition of Saragossa, should he visit the farm again.

My mushroom bed appeared to be inexhaustible; but I knew that the fungi would cease to grow suddenly, when the temperature and humidity changed with the season.

The crisis came about the first week in October. He, our Corps Commander, paid a second visit to the farm. I well remember the gist of the terribly damning epistle which reached me the next day. It ran something as follows :—

'The Corps Commander, on the occasion of his inspection of Saragossa O.P. yesterday, expressed his extreme dissatisfaction at the state of the farm. Both the farm and its precincts were in a deplorably dirty condition. Little or no progress had been made since the occasion of his last visit in the preparation of the O.P. There is no dug-out, no telephonic communication. The means of access to the O.P. still consists of a broken ladder. There is no cookhouse nor sleeping accommodation for men, if men were sent there, and the panoramic sketch leaves much to be desired. The Corps Commander considers that the neglect on the part of the Group Commander to comply with the instructions contained in Circular Memorandum No. R.A. Straff. 9002 is extremely reprehensible, and directs that a party of 20 men be detailed to work nightly on this O.P. until the work is finished. As a proof of the extreme neglect shown by the Group Commander it may be mentioned that the Corps Commander actually found fungi covering the east end of the floor in the more northerly building (Map reference I 17 d. 4095).'

There was but one thing to be done. The mushroom season was practically over. The specimens that he, our Corps Commander, had seen, and which, I learned later, sufficed to make a very succulent entrée at the Corps Château dinner after the inspection, were nearly the last. I wrote as follows :—

'Corps Heavy Artillery, —th Corps.

'In view of the approach of winter and of the decreasing visibility that now obtains in the Salient through autumn mists and fog, I feel that Saragossa Farm O.P. is no longer of value to this Group as it is too far from the line. I request, therefore, that it may be struck off the list of O.P.s for which I am responsible. As regards the fungi, to which the Corps Commander referred in his minute relating to his inspection, I much regret their presence. I have since visited the farm, and find that they have been removed.'

After all, Saragossa had supplied a want. Ashamed as I am of the circumstances, it is some relief to me to make a public confession. But what I think of most (yet cannot quite make up my mind), is the question as to which was the most enjoyable delicacy, mushrooms and fried eggs and bacon for breakfast, or stewed beef and mushrooms 'à la Saragossa' for dinner. I still wonder.

SIDELIGHTS ON EMPLOYMENT-EXCHANGE WAYS.

BY EDITH SELLERS.

BEFORE the door of an Employment Exchange, in a large provincial town, some fifty boys and men were lounging about one Friday, with cigarettes in their mouths for the most part. They were laughing and talking together in the most cheery fashion, evidently enjoying the sunshine.

A woman whom chance had brought that way stood watching them for a moment, wondering why they were there; for they were all young, well under thirty seemingly, well under twenty many of them. They were most of them strong and well, too: there was not a wounded soldier among them, not one bereft of a leg or an arm, not a soldier of any sort indeed. And the door before which they were ranged, waiting to enter, each in turn, led into the office where unemployment doles were dealt out. It was only dole-seekers who went there on Fridays. For work-seekers there was another office a few yards away, another door before which no one was standing, an office into which, so far as the woman could see, no one was going. This seemed to her curious. Why should the work-seekers' office be deserted, while the dole-seekers' was crowded? Among those boys and men there were some, she was sure—she judged by their faces—who would rather have work than a dole. There must be something wrong somewhere, she decided; and, being of the sort officially dubbed 'troublesome,' she instinctively made her way forthwith into the work-seekers' office, a fine large room.

The official in charge was, as she knew, not only courteous but kindly. She therefore ventured to ask him, deprecatively, of course, why some of these men did not come to his office, instead of all going next door.

'They must go there,' he replied. 'They are unemployed, and we don't pay out donations here. This is the employment office.'

'But if they are unemployed, what they want is employment, surely, not donations?'

'Yes, of course, but——' he hesitated for a moment, and

then added: 'Unfortunately there is no employment for them here.'

'No employment here!' she cried in amazement. 'Why I am always being told that here not a boy or man can be had to do anything, for love or money. And any amount of work wants doing—that one can see for oneself.'

'No suitable employment, I mean,' the official explained. 'There's employment of course. There is a great deal of work, indeed, waiting to be done; but, as it is not what is classed as suitable work for these men, not work at their old jobs, it would be useless to offer it to them.'

'But there must be work that some of them could do?'

'Yes, no doubt there is; but, as it is not suitable——'

'You give them donations?'

'We must, if we have no suitable work to offer them.'

'Are there no gardeners among them?' she asked, after cudgelling her brain for a moment.

'Yes, several.'

'Then there is certainly suitable work for them!' she exclaimed. 'I was at the —— market-garden yesterday; and the manager told me that he was at his wits' end for men.'

'Then why does he not come here?' the official inquired, his voice ringing with righteous indignation. 'He must know that we have gardeners here.'

Whether the manager did or did not know, the woman could not say; but, even if he did know, no harm could be done by telling him, she suggested. The official, however, must have thought otherwise, for he would not undertake to tell him, or to communicate with him at all. 'An employer who requires workpeople must apply for them here. He must come to me for them,' he remarked loftily. 'It is not for me to go to him.'

That was as one of the laws of the Medes and Persians, evidently, for him. Better the market-gardener should be left with his work undone for ever, better these unemployed should be left for ever without work to do, than that this law should be broken, he seemed to think.

She went away sorrowful, wrathful too; for she still held the old belief that wilful waste brings in its train woeful want, even though the money wasted be the taxpayers'. And to pay gardeners for doing nothing, when there was work that they could do waiting to be done, was sheer waste, waste that must inevitably work havoc

all round. On that point she had never a doubt. For no man who could earn his own daily bread can wait about for doles paid out of other folk's earnings, without losing his own self-respect, and much besides. That she knew ; that this official knew too, she was sure ; and that was why his demeanour puzzled her so sorely. For, to let men go on receiving doles when, but for a point of etiquette, he might have secured for them well-paid work, smacked of lunacy, she thought.

A few days later, chance took her to a popular health resort, where a man in whom she was interested asked her to help him to obtain a place as waiter. She went at once to the nearest Exchange, where the official in charge told her he had not a single vacancy for a waiter on his list. This surprised her, for the town abounded in hotels—there were four within hail of the Exchange. To each of the four she went to inquire if there were any chance of a vacancy for a waiter in the near future ; and in each she found there was a vacancy already, one which the hotel-keeper was anxious to fill. Thus she had four places for her protégé to choose from ; and she might perhaps have had fifty, had she had time to seek for them.

She returned to the Exchange and told her tale, whereupon there was indignation. The official denounced the hotel-keepers as if they were the veriest criminals ; and all because they had not let him know they had vacancies for waiters. Yet, when she inquired if he let them know when he had waiters seeking places, he was quite hurt.

'Of course not,' he replied shortly. 'It is their business to come here and inquire. And they ought to be made to come,' he added emphatically.

On her way home she remembered what another Exchange official, a lady, had once said to her. It was during the War, and she was walking with this official, through one of the great refugee resorts, when they came across some Belgian girls sitting doing nothing, looking miserable the while.

'Those girls would be much better and happier if they were out at work,' she remarked ; and her companion cordially agreed with her.

'Then why not offer them places ? You have lots of vacancies on your list.'

The lady official was not only surprised, but shocked. 'Indeed I won't,' she cried indignantly. 'If they wish for places, they must come and ask me for them. They know where my office is.'

It seemed never to occur to her that, so long as these girls were without places, the taxpayers must support them; never to occur to her, either, that she herself was being paid by these same taxpayers, for the express purpose of finding places for these girls.

The more the woman thought of the ways of these officials, the more puzzling they appeared to her. She therefore, as she was really anxious to understand them, took to frequenting Employment Exchanges. Wherever she went, and she was the veriest Wandering Jew, she made a point of visiting the Exchange. And, so long as the law allowed doles to be dealt out, wherever she went, she almost always found the Exchange officials dealing out doles to the unemployed, because they had, as they said, no suitable work to offer them. She also found, almost everywhere, employers clamouring for employees, lamenting aloud, as a national calamity, the shortage of labour, proclaiming from the very housetops that they had more work to do than they could do, and could find no one to give them a helping hand. Tradesmen were swearing they had nothing but ruin before them, as the goods they ought to be selling were lying at railway stations, where there were no porters to deal with them. One luckless shopkeeper was tearing her hair because her week's supplies were left for the whole week at a siding, under a load of timber which there was no one to remove. That was not in the hurry and scurry of war, but many months after fighting had ceased. And at that very time, sixty unemployed men were receiving donations at an Exchange not twenty miles away!

Then, while in the male labour market there was a shortage, in the female, there was something very like a dearth, so far as domestic labour was concerned. Of that this woman soon had proof, for no matter to what Exchange she went, she was always told the same tale: 'No cooks, no domestic servants of any sort.' Occasionally she heard of ladies' maids, helps of the 'nothing menial' sort; but she never once heard of a disengaged cook or kitchenmaid at an Exchange; and when she asked the manageress to add to her list of would-be employers the name of a friend who was in need of servants, she was invariably told that it would be useless. Yet the place in question was an easy one; whoever accepted it would be well paid, well housed, well fed, and have a fair amount of leisure; would be kindly treated, to boot. And women and girls were receiving unemployment donations at the time because no suitable work could be offered them!

This pointed to a curious state of things, especially as in some of the towns where, at the Exchange, not a servant was to be heard of, there were private Registry Offices at which a fair amount of business was being done. A girl, who lived in a small town where there was no private registry, had written to one fifty miles away for a place, the wanderer found, although there was an Exchange in her own town! She went over to see this girl, bent on knowing what could have induced her to write to the one instead of going to the other; for she would have to pay the one for doing her work, whereas the other would have done it gratis.

The girl had never heard there was an Exchange in the town. The woman knew there was one, and went off in search of it, asking, while on her way, some half-dozen other women where it was. Not one of them had ever heard of it. She asked a policeman. He had heard of it, but did not know where it was. Even at the Post Office there was nothing to show there was an Exchange in the town. The clerk, however, assured her there was one, had been for years, and told her where it was. When at length she found it, there was nothing outside the building where it was housed to show it was there —no Red Lion and Unicorn, no sign of any sort.

The Woman's Department was a handsome room, and there a lady official was sitting in state. 'Yes, I suppose there ought to be a notice outside,' she remarked casually, when her visitor spoke of the difficulty she had had in finding the Exchange. 'Not that it really matters; for everyone knows we are here.'

'The girl I came over to see did not know you were here, nor did those women.'

'How very stupid of them!' was her reply. She had no domestic servants among her unemployed. Why, she did not know; nor did she know for how many servants she had found places during the previous year. For four or five, she thought, but was not sure. None the less she too was both surprised and shocked when she was asked if she did not think something might be done to draw attention to the Exchange, and induce servants to go there when seeking places, instead of writing to Private Registry Offices.

'No, I do not,' she announced loftily. 'I consider the organisation and management of this Department perfect. I see no reason, therefore, for making changes.'

Evidently the story of the Labour Exchange officials, who, when asked to make suggestions for the reform of their depart-

ment, replied 'The only reform required is a rise in all our salaries,' was *ben trovato*, whether true or not.

Now this lady official was exceptionally stupid; still, a fair number of her colleagues, male and female alike, are almost as far as she was from realising that Employment Exchanges are maintained at the expense of the public for the benefit of the public. They cannot grasp at the fact that their business, as officials, is to help those who are seeking work to find it; to help, too, those who have work they wish to have done to find someone to do it. The result is, instead of helping, they actually hinder. They go on chatting together in the most nonchalant fashion, gossiping with their friends through the telephone, while work-givers and work-seekers stand waiting. Through sheer heedlessness, they give trouble to those whom they are paid to help; nay, some of them go out of their way, as it seems, to cause them inconvenience.

Quite recently a girl went to an Exchange in a provincial town to ask for work.

'We have nó work that would suit you,' the official to whom she had spoken replied, turning to go away.

'Then please put my name down for work when you have any.'

'It would be useless. We shall never have any you could do.'

'But I am strong, and I should be glad of any sort of work,' the girl persisted.

'We have no work for you, I tell you,' the official retorted impatiently. 'We never have the sort of work you want.'

'But you don't know what I want, don't know what I can do. You have never asked me.'

'Well, what can you do?'

'I can cook and scrub and clean. I can do all sorts of domestic work, and that is what I wish to do.'

'Humph! you don't look like it,' the official remarked, scanning her over. 'If that's what you want, you can have it,' she added grudgingly.

The girl did have it, and did it well; but she had it only because she was as the Importunate Widow.

A middle-aged woman went one day to a London Exchange, and asked to have her name put down for a post as a companion or housekeeper. It was a good ten miles from where she lived,

but she thought she would have a better chance of finding a situation there than at the Exchange near her home. She was told by the official to return in a week, when there might be something on the vacancy list that would suit her. She did what she was told to do. She went week after week for three whole months to the Exchange, in the vain hope of finding a situation. Then, as she was at the end of her resources, an energetic friend intervened, and went to the Exchange to inquire what chance there was of one ever being found.

'Why, there's no chance at all,' the manageress exclaimed cheerfully. 'We never have an application here for a housekeeper or anything of the kind!'

At another Exchange, one in a country town, a girl who was seeking a place was told to return every Monday before 4 P.M. When she explained that she could not, as she was still in her old place, four miles away, she was curtly informed that unless she was there before 4, nothing would be done for her. Yet the Higher Authorities of these Exchanges are surprised when told that maid-servants would rather pay Private Registry Offices to find places for them, than have places found gratis by Exchanges.

Sometimes, in the course of her quest the wandering woman came across an Exchange doing admirable work, one where the manager—or manageress—was striving heart and soul to find employees for would-be employers, work for those who had none. The said manager was, as a rule, on friendly terms with the employers in the district; and would, if an unemployed appeared, promptly telephone round to them, inquiring if they had a job they could give him. Then, if they had, he would do his level best to induce the man to accept it, even though it might not be classed as suitable. Such Exchanges, however, she passed by; for they were the few, not the many. Moreover, Exchanges, good and bad alike, had so many official *Advocati Dei* that what they needed was, she felt, an *Advocatus Diaboli*. She therefore gave what time she had, not to the few, but to the many; and in them a fair number of the officials did not care a whit how many unemployed were wandering round, and would as soon have thought of flying as of asking any employer to give one of them a job. 'Employers must come to us, they must be made to come!' That was an *idée fixe* with not a few. And when, as often happened, employers would not go to

them, and no one could or would force them to go, these officials resented it as a personal injury, and therefore took no trouble to be helpful to anyone. So at least it seemed to her, as she listened to what certain employers said, when she asked them incidentally what they thought of Employment Exchanges.

'Employment Exchanges are all very well if one wants fifty men or more,' one employer informed her. 'Fifty, you see, swells statistics, so the officials take a bit of trouble. But they are of no use at all if one wants only two or three. They don't even send them. I was once kept waiting for a month for three labourers. The official who ought to have sent them had forgotten I had ever asked for them!'

'I would gladly make use of the Exchange if I could,' another employer declared. 'But I can't; it won't be made use of. I have applied again and again for men, and I have never yet had one I could take. The officials seem to think one can squeeze a square block into a round hole. If one wants a joiner, as likely as not they'll send a butcher; if a heavy-goods carter, a finicky young man in the fancy-drapery line. The truth is, they don't think at all. They just send round the first man at hand, without ever asking what he can do. It's hard on us, but it's harder on the men to send them tramping round to workshops where they haven't a chance of being taken on.'

His listener cordially agreed with him. She had often met with men sent tramping round to such workshops, and had heard them tell of what the heedlessness of officials had cost them.

'Do I send to the Exchange when I want a man!' the manager of a large milk-distributing concern exclaimed derisively, when she asked him the question. 'No, I don't! During the War I did send, and I wish you could have seen the rabble they sent me. Not one of the lot could I take, though I was at my wits' end for men. The last one that came made me fair sick. He was lost in dirt, hanging in rags, filthy rags. Why I wouldn't have let that fellow go within fifty yards of a milk can. And he was sent by the Exchange to go round with milk to gentlefolk's houses! That was after the War.'

'I've given up sending to the Exchange,' another manager declared. 'They 'ud keep me waiting for weeks, and then send me a cripple. I once applied for a blacksmith, and an undertaker was sent, a fellow in a long black coat who looked as if he'd come straight from a funeral. Why he couldn't have lifted a black-

smith's hammer! They never sent me one that looked as if he had ever done a good day's work. And they all wanted the highest wages, whether worth their salt or not.'

Apropos of wages, a lady once inquired at an Exchange what sort of work she should try to find for a one-legged man who, when two-legged, had been a casual labourer.

'You might get him a post as lift-man,' the official suggested. 'Anyone can learn in an hour how to manage a lift. It's quite easy work, girls of fourteen often do it.'

'What wages should I ask for him?'

'Let me see, £2 a week would be a fair wage, I think.'

'£2 a week for work that can be learnt in an hour, and a child can do!' the lady repeated.

'The man must certainly not be asked to take less,' the official replied emphatically.

That was not in War days, but months after the proclamation of peace. In War days, these officials had much more lavish views as to what was a fair wage. Then they secured work as a trench-digger, at 75*s*. a week, for a lad of 18, who, because of his slackness and incompetence, had just been dismissed from a post as gardener, where he was earning 32*s*. Then such enormous wages were paid to some Danes, imported to cut down trees for the Government, that, at the end of two months, they were so rich they felt they really must take to spending, to joy-riding and that sort of thing. They therefore went on strike; and during the weeks the strike lasted—it might have lasted months had not a Danish Inspector appeared—the English official who was in charge of them continued paying the strikers for their board and lodgings!

Mistresses had even more grievances than masters against Exchange officials, the woman found, especially mistresses seeking maids. Their chief grievance was that pressure was brought to bear on them to induce them to engage daily-maids, and that, when they refused, their applications were ignored; while they themselves were sometimes scoffed at.

A poor old lady, who asked for a general servant, was told that she could only have one who would go to her at 9 A.M. and leave at 5 P.M.

'Oh! that wouldn't do at all,' she replied. 'I couldn't wait until nine for my cup of tea. Besides, I really must have some supper.'

The official smiled somewhat superciliously: evidently she was as Dr. Johnson—she failed to see the necessity.

'Maids like to be free in an evening, and their wishes must be consulted,' she remarked. 'Things are not as they used to be,' she added condescendingly; 'and you really must try to adapt yourself to the times.' With that she dismissed the old lady.

Another maid-seeker found at an Exchange an official who was more anxious to be helpful. This one had no maid to offer; but she promised that, when she had, she would send her at once to the lady. She was warned, however, to send only those who were strong, and who would sleep in the house. None the less, the first person to be sent was a die-away little creature who was seeking a post as companion. She was followed by a smart young lady who wished to go somewhere for an hour or two, in a morning, to arrange flowers or do a little shopping. Then came a be-battered widow, who would promise to do everything, but looked too tired to do anything. Although many were sent, not one of the lot was both able and willing to do a good day's work, not one—barring the lady's companion—able and willing to live in the house, unless she could bring with her a child. Thus it was wanton waste of their time and strength to send them; yet, when an employer, to guard against such waste, asked at an Exchange for information with regard to the age etc. of some women who were to come to see her, she was told: 'It is against our rule to give information concerning applicants for work.'

Once, when a daily-maid applied for a place, she was asked why she had troubled to do so, as an indoor servant was required.

'They didn't tell me at the Exchange what it was, so I thought of course it must be a daily place,' she replied.

'Why "of course"?' the lady who was interviewing her inquired.

'Why, marm, I thought at Labour Exchanges all the places were daily. They won't put one's name down there if it's a sleeping-in place one wants.'

When the troublesome woman heard what this other woman had said, she went off straight to the Exchange to inquire if it were true.

'She probably thought it was true, but she was wrong,' the manageress replied. 'We help all who apply to find suitable places.'

'This servant seemed sure, though, that you would not help her to find an indoor place.'

'Well, she was wrong; still——' The manageress hesitated for a moment, and then added, in the tone of one addressing a public meeting: 'Our policy here is to try to secure an eight-hours' day for every domestic servant; and, for servants who live in, that is difficult.' She went on to explain that the sleeping-in arrangement is an anachronism; that the time was at hand when no maids would sleep in their employers' houses. And that would be a great reform, she seemed sure, one fraught with blessings all round. When she was asked to tell servant-girls who came to her that they could put down their names for indoor places, she refused; and when her visitor suggested that it might be well to bring gentle pressure to bear on some girls, to induce them to accept such places, she exclaimed angrily: 'Certainly not! That is no business of ours!'

From this Exchange, also, the woman went away sorrowful, wrathful too! For she had many proofs that the lot of most indoor maids is better all round, safer, than the lot of the average daily-maid. An indoor maid has her trials, of course; still she is sure of good food every day, a good bed, and, in winter, a warm fire, She has time for herself every day, can go for a walk, see her friends; and she can count on being well cared for in illness. For it is not now as it used to be. There are no 'Little Marchionesses' now. A girl who does her work well can pick and choose among places, sure of finding a good one. Even the most selfish of mistresses sees to it for her own sake, now, that her servants are comfortable. This the woman knew; she knew, too, the sort of life that many daily-maids lead, the squalid discomfort of the places where they sleep, and the hardships they have to face. For many even young daily-maids are alone-standing: they have no mothers, no homes, or have turned against them, as girls are prone to do, in this our day. They earn high wages; but their money has wings, for clothes and shoes are a huge expense for them, as they must turn out in all weathers. Thus, as often as not, all they can afford is a bare little room without a grate; or a shakedown in some poor lodging, where they rarely see a fire, and have no chance of drying their wet clothes. They wander about in the streets sometimes, or go to the cinema for the sake of being warm.

Now, freedom is sweet, no doubt. Still, even for freedom, too high a price may be paid; even for free evenings. Such freedom as a young alone-standing daily-maid has, spells danger. Yet here was an official using all her influence, all her power, to further a

'policy' that might result in every maid becoming a daily-maid! As the woman thought of her and of her policy, she felt that she was further than ever from understanding the ways of such officials; that it was beyond her wit, in fact, ever to understand them. She therefore gave up trying; and forthwith bade good-bye to Employment Exchanges, swearing to herself the while that this special official had no more sense than a sparrow, no more idea than a First-class Mandarin of being helpful to those whom it was her duty to help.

. . . . . .

She was wrong, of course, unjust too; but then, as she was playing the *Advocatus Diaboli* she could not be expected to be just. As a point of fact, the official against whom she railed meant well; and if, so far as servant-maids are concerned, she was not helpful, it was not because she had no sense, but because she was not in touch with them, did not know how they lived. She probably thought that every daily-maid has a good home to which she goes at 5 P.M., a good mother there to watch over her. Were it otherwise, she would hardly have been so eager for all maids to become daily-maids. And unfortunately, as it was with her so it is with many of her colleagues, male and female alike. They are in touch neither with the employer class nor the employee; it is almost indeed as if they formed a class apart from the rest of the community. And that is one reason why Employment Exchanges have proved a failure, excepting for large employers, and employees who work in gangs. Still it is not the only reason: as a point of fact, these Exchanges have never had a chance of proving a success; and that by no means entirely through the fault of their officials.

Labour Exchanges, curiously enough, were opened before ever they were organised, before ever the officials who were to work them had any notions of the lines on which they were to be worked. And many of these officials had had no official training, no experience in official work. They owed their appointment to their supposed sympathy with Labour, which would secure for them, and through them for the Exchanges, favour in the eyes of the Trades' Unions, it was hoped. And the Government were very anxious, just then, to propitiate the Unions. To make matters worse, these officials did not know where to turn for guidance: they were sent from pillar to post wherever they went, from Martlett House to Queen Anne's Chambers, from the Chambers back to the House, thence to Whitehall perhaps. For the Exchanges were for years under dual

control. They had two Higher Authorities, one to enunciate principles, the other to reduce principles to practice; and each Authority had its own policy, that of the one differing fundamentally from that of the other. For while the one had not a thought in its head beyond preserving tradition and tying red-tape knots; the other was aglow with the ambition to prove that even a High Authority may have an open mind. The result was, of course, friction, endless attempts to put spokes in wheels; while Exchange managers were left to reconcile, as best they could, the contradictory orders sent down to them.

Needless to say, these luckless managers had but a sorry time; and the more conscientious they were, the more sorry it was. They must spend long weary hours puzzling their brains as to what they ought to do, compiling statistics at which, as they knew, no one would ever cast a glance. One of the most intelligent of them told me, not so very long ago, that he must give up three whole days every month—a whole week, indeed, every third month—to the compiling of these statistics. Meanwhile his Exchange work was at a standstill, letters must be left unanswered; would-be employers and employees must just wait, unless, indeed, he was prepared to work both night and day. And even the most conscientious cannot do that for long, especially when oppressed by the thought that in doing it he is wasting his time. And this state of things went on for years and years; it goes on still, indeed, so far as the statistics are concerned, in spite of recent-day reforms.

Little wonder many even of the best among the officials waxed indifferent, lost heart, in fact, and with it all interest in their work, as time passed and they realised what a hopeless business it was trying to run Exchanges successfully under such conditions as they must run them. Little wonder, either, if many of the rest never had any interest in their work, if their only thought was to get through it with the least possible trouble. These would never have been good officials, for they are not of the stuff of which the efficient are made. Still, had things been different, had their Department been properly organised in those early days, never would they have developed that overweening sense of their own importance, their superiority as officials to non-officials, that is at the root of much of their slackness, as well as of their tendency to step on toes and ruffle tempers. It is the indifferent, the lax, the self-important, the unmannerly among the officials who bring Employment Exchanges into disrepute; and, until they are forced

to change their ways—or are weeded out—much of the money now spent on these institutions will be wasted, as they will never be popular institutions, institutions to which not only large employers and gang-workers will resort gladly, but also small employers and workers of all sorts. This in itself is a strong reason surely for forcing them to change their ways or for weeding them out, and there is another reason. They ought to be forced to change them, with all possible speed, if only for the sake of their more worthy colleagues, the men and women who are striving hard to render Exchanges useful and popular, but fail, because too heavily handicapped by the doings of these other officials.

Now, forcing officials to change their ways is not easy work, nor is it pleasant. Still, it is work that can be done, as a certain Postmaster-General once proved. He donned his shabbiest coat and went round from Post Office to Post Office, that he might see for himself how his subordinates demeaned themselves toward the humble who applied to them for information. The result was his pride in his officials received a terrible shock; and they in return received from him a warning, couched in such scathing terms that the hair of some of them stood straight on end, and they changed their ways forthwith.

Printed by SPOTTISWOODE, BALLANTYNE & CO. LTD.
Colchester, London & Eton, England

BOOK - NOTES

M. Alexander Nekludoff's DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES is in respect of the information it contains one of the most important volumes which has appeared since the Armistice. As Russian Minister at Sofia from 1912 till December 1913 M. Nekludoff took a leading part in the events which happened in the Balkan Peninsula during the two wars of 1912 and 1913. He saw much of King Ferdinand, of whom and of whose advisers he gives exceedingly interesting character sketches. Early in 1914 M. Nekludoff was transferred to Stockholm, and the book gives full and new information of all that passed in Sweden immediately before and during the war of 1917. M. Nekludoff was appointed Russian Ambassador to Madrid, but resigned shortly afterwards in consequence of disagreements with Kerensky's policy. In the course of his service he had to pay frequent visits to Paris, Vienna, Switzerland, and especially to Petrograd, and his record of interviews with the Tsar, M. Sazonoff, Count Witte, M. Goremykin, M. Kokovtzeff, as well as his descriptions of the sinister Rasputin Mystery, and of MM. Sturmer, Protopopoff, and other leading men and women of influence in international affairs are of interest and importance.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has written an attractive biographical sketch of DAVID WILLIAMS, Founder of the Royal Literary Fund, which has been issued under the auspices of that Fund (*2s. 6d.* net). Established in 1790 through the enthusiasm and persistence in the face of discouragement from many leading men of the day of whom he asked help, the Royal Literary Fund is still active in its good work, and it is hoped that the publication of this little book will bring it support. David Williams was a man of varied talents, for before founding the Royal Literary Fund he started the first "Thirteen Club," a new religion, in connection with which he and Benjamin Franklin drew up a liturgy of the Principles of Religion and Morality, and a system of education embodying many ideas which are advocated as new at the present time. To the Memoir is added a paper of the best Lucas quality describing the history and oratory of the annual dinners of the Literary Fund from 1842.

For the first time the authentic and detailed story of intelligence on all fronts is told in THE SECRET CORPS, by Captain Ferdinand Tuohy. Not only is the book of great value as a record of the unknown side of the late war, but it is full of human anecdotes and incidents presented in picturesque language, such as the incident of how the capture of a postcard virtually saved the Allies on May 26, 1918, on the Chemin des Dames. The comprehensive nature of the book is its main feature, Captain Tuohy having served at one time or another in Russia, Poland, Austria, Belgium, France, England, Italy, Salonica, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. Latter-day "intelligence" developed into a battle of brains between the opposing General Staffs in which every form of cunning and subterfuge was resorted to. The story of this smothered struggle is vividly told in THE SECRET CORPS.

During his Mayoralty Sir William Treloar kept a diary in his own easy-going way, and he is now publishing it under the title of A LORD MAYOR'S DIARY, 1906-1907 (10*s.* 6*d.* net). During that period he welcomed to the Guildhall Kings and Princes and many great men, and also paid to Berlin a visit that was not without interest to the Chancelleries of Great Britain and France. In the same official year he established the Alton Hospital for tuberculous crippled children, and so, using the great opportunities of his office, was able, while maintaining the traditional hospitalities of the City, to be of lasting and blessed service to the poor and the weak—as became the unconventional Lord Mayor.

Laughter is the finest cure for worrying times, and George A. Birmingham has won a high diploma among the accepted doctors of mirth. Therefore, his new book, GOOD CONDUCT, (6*s.* net) will do timely service. His humour finds plentiful expression through the activities of Virginia Tempest, a schoolgirl of impudence and competence, who soon endeavours, according to her lights, to put the world right. Amongst the many persons through whom she works her spells are an editor and his staff; a financier-philanthropist; and sundry of the clergy; the result may be described as a plentiful provision of the Birmingham brand of laughter, which had made Canon Hannay's name a word to conjure with.

Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G., lately Commander-in-Chief at the Gold Coast, in his latest work, with its ample maps and illustrations, THE GOLD COAST REGIMENT IN THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN, not only describes the distinguished part in the war taken by the Regiment, but throws new and interesting light on the campaign in pursuit of the elusive German columns. It is a frank story of gallant fighting under very difficult circumstances, ending in well-earned victory.

In CONIFERS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS Mr. Charles Coltman-Rogers, Chairman of the Forestry Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society, gives in anecdotal form much reliable and interesting information regarding the known species of the Coniferae growing in Great Britain—their cultivation and growth, their habits and habitats, and other matters of general interest connected with their life-history. An invaluable aid for students and others in readily identifying the many different species is provided in a key arranged in tabular form, and classified according to genera, groups, sub-divisions, and species.

QUINNEYS' is repeating the successes of the play and the book, and is proving one of the most popular items on the films. The book is included in Mr. Murray's Series of 2*s.* net Novels, and another large impression is now ready. It is a lovable story which continues to make real and lasting friends. Other of Mr. Vachell's books in the same series are FISHPINGLE and LOOT.

These books are published by MR. MURRAY, *who will be glad to send his* QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS *to any reader of* THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE *on request being made to* 50A *Albemarle Street, London, W.* 1.

DISCOVERY

A MONTHLY POPULAR JOURNAL OF KNOWLEDGE.

¶ Discovery is a new journal for thinking men and women—for the intelligently curious who wish to hear at first hand of what the experts have done or are doing—both in the sciences and the humanities.

¶ The articles are written by authorities, but they write not in the language of their specialism, but in that simpler tongue which we plain men do understand, namely English.

¶ All the chief subjects in which investigations are being actively pursued will be dealt with in turn, and treated in such a way as to make clear the interesting features in the discoveries with which they deal.

¶ Discovery has the support of many of the principal Learned Societies and Educational Associations. It is edited by Dr. A. S. Russell, M.C., the Trustees being: Sir J. J. Thomson, O.M., P.R.S.; Sir F. G. Kenyon, K.C.B., P.B.A.; Prof. A. C. Seward, Sc.D., F.R.S.; & Prof. R. S. Conway, Litt.D., F.B.A.

DISCOVERY *can be obtained from all newsagents and booksellers. Single numbers, 6d. net; by post, 7½d. Annual Subscription, 6s.; by post, 7s. 6d.*

6d. NET MONTHLY.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

CONCLUDING VOLUMES OF

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI,

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE in succession to W. F. MONYPENNY. Volumes V. and VI., completing the work, will be published shortly. With Illustrations and Portraits. Already published, Volumes I. to IV. **12s.** net each.

One result of the war has been the interruption of the progress of the famous life of Benjamin Disraeli, but the delay in publication has had one unexpected and most fortunate result, as it has enabled Mr. Buckle to get access to a large and singularly interesting budget of private correspondence of the highest value in respect of Lord Beaconsfield's later years.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN

By CHARLES GORE, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford. A volume similar to the successful expositions of the Sermon on the Mount, the Ephesians and the Romans, previously published by Dr. Gore. **6s.** net.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAITH;

AND **THE FOURTH GOSPEL.** By the late Rev. HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, D.D. Edited by the Rev. Canon WILFRID J. RICHMOND. An attempt to give Dr. Holland's thought and teaching as a coherent whole and a valuable contribution to the study of the Fourth Gospel. **12s.** net.

A HISTORY OF THE

INDIAN NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

By SIR VERNEY LOVETT, K.C.S.I. "A very careful history of political agitation in India. His qualifications for the task, apart from those implied by thirty-five years of public service in the country, are a preference for definite facts over loose generalisation, complete honesty of purpose, and a temper not to be ruffled by political controversy."—*The Sunday Times.* **12s.** net.

BY NILE AND TIGRIS

A Narrative of Journeys in Egypt and Mesopotamia on behalf of the British Museum between the Years 1886–1913. By SIR E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, Litt.D. "A most instructive and entertaining book. Sir Wallis Budge wears his learning lightly and shows much humour . . . . he also packs a great deal of information into these volumes, which worthily continue the tradition of Rawlinson and Layard."—*The Spectator.* In two volumes. With numerous Illustrations. **£3 3s.** net.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1.

DIVISIONAL AND OTHER SIGNS

Collected and Illustrated by CAPT. V. WHEELER-HOLOHAN. An authentic account of the origin and history of the signs—many of them examples of extraordinary ingenuity and originality—worn on their shoulders by soldiers in uniform. **5s.** net.

STATE RAILWAY OWNERSHIP

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF. By W. M. ACWORTH, Author of "The Railways of England." A summary of the history of State ownership in all the principal countries, showing that in democratic States political influences have always interfered with business management. **3s. 6d.** net.

THE HERON OF CASTLE CREEK

AND OTHER SKETCHES OF BIRD LIFE. By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES, Author of "Ianto the Fisherman," etc. With a Memoir of the Author by J. K. HUDSON. "A book not to be forgotten; it will be treasured by many a Nature-lover and its usefulness will not end with one generation."—*Liverpool Daily Courier.* **7s. 6d.** net.

WILD LIFE IN CANADA

By CAPTAIN ANGUS BUCHANAN, M.C., Author of "Three Years of War in East Africa." "Excellent reading, of great practical value . . . naturalists, sportsmen, and all lovers of adventure will find the book both profitable and entertaining."—*Pall Mall Gazette.* With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. **15s.** net.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION. NOW READY.

MICROSCOPY

THE CONSTRUCTION, THEORY, AND USE OF THE MICROSCOPE. By EDMUND J. SPITTA, F.R.A.S., F.R.M.S. The third edition of this standard work has been revised and considerably enlarged, and contains 83 half-tone reproductions and 255 text illustrations. Third edition. **25s.** net.

Nature.—"Let us hasten to urge every student of the microscope who wishes to gain a thorough understanding of its principles and possibilities and its defects to procure a copy of Mr. Spitta's book without delay."

THE WORKS OF
William Makepeace Thackeray

CENTENARY BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION

SIR HENRY LUCY:—"If you seek Thackeray's best monument you will find it in this splendid edition of his works."

In 26 volumes. Edited by LADY RITCHIE. With Biographical Prefaces, many New Letters and Illustrations, together with some hitherto unpublished Writings. With numerous Illustrations in the Text; about 500 separate Plates by the AUTHOR and many distinguished Artists, and 26 Portraits of Thackeray. Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d.** net each volume; **£13 13s.** net the set.

1-2. VANITY FAIR
3-4. PENDENNIS
5. YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS, etc.
6. HOGGARTY DIAMOND, etc.
7. BARRY LYNDON; THE FATAL BOOTS
8. CONTRIBUTIONS TO *PUNCH*: Vol. I. NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS
9. Vol. II.: BOOK OF SNOBS, etc.
10. ESMOND.
11. ENGLISH HUMOURISTS; FOUR GEORGES
12-13. THE NEWCOMES
14. CHRISTMAS BOOKS, etc.
15. BALLADS; ROSE AND THE RING
16-17. THE VIRGINIANS
18-19. PHILIP
20. ROUNDABOUT PAPERS, etc.
21. DENIS DUVAL, etc.
22. PARIS SKETCH BOOK, etc.
23. IRISH SKETCH BOOK
24. CATHERINE, etc.
25. THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN, etc.
26. MISCELLANIES

BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION.

Punch:—"A volume clearly printed, handsomely gowned . . . Not the least precious is what is modestly called an 'Introduction' by his daughter, Mistress Anne Ritchie. . . . The complete edition will comprise in itself a priceless library."

In 13 volumes. This Edition comprises additional material and Letters, Sketches and Drawings, derived from the Author's Original Manuscripts and Note Books, and numerous Portraits and Illustrations by many distinguished Artists. Each volume includes a Memoir by LADY RITCHIE. Large Crown 8vo. **10s. 6d.** net each.

LIBRARY EDITION.

In 24 volumes. Illustrated by the AUTHOR, RICHARD DOYLE and FREDERICK WALKER. Small Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d.** net each volume.

POCKET EDITION.

In 27 volumes. Small Fcap. 8vo. **2s.** net each volume.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1.

DEFINITIVE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF

GEORGE BORROW.

With Photogravure and other Illustrations by A WALLIS MILLS, PERCY WADHAM, F. G. KITTON, and A. S. HARTRICK. Large Crown 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net each volume. [Arrangements have been made with Booksellers enabling them to offer special terms for complete sets of this edition.]

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN;

OR, THE JOURNEYS, ADVENTURES AND IMPRISONMENTS OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO CIRCULATE THE SCRIPTURES IN THE PENINSULA. With the Notes and Glossary of ULICK BURKE.

THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN.

THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, AND LANGUAGE.

LAVENGRO:

THE SCHOLAR, THE GYPSY, THE PRIEST. Containing the unaltered Text of the original issue ; some Suppressed Episodes printed only in the Editions issued by Mr. MURRAY; MS. Variorum, Vocabulary, and Notes by Professor W. I. KNAPP. (Also in Murray's Library. **2s.** net.)

ROMANY RYE,

A SEQUEL TO 'LAVENGRO.' Collated and Revised in the same manner as 'Lavengro.' By Professor W. I. KNAPP.

WILD WALES:

ITS PEOPLE, LANGUAGE, AND SCENERY.

ROMANO LAVO LIL:

THE WORD BOOK OF THE ROMANY OR ENGLISH GYPSY LANGUAGE. With Specimens of Gypsy Poetry, and an account of certain Gypsyries or Places inhabited by them, and of various things relating to Gypsy Life in England.

MURRAY'S LIBRARY

ÆSOP	Fables	2s. net
BARKLEY, H. C.	Rat-Catching	2s. net
BATES, H. W.	The Naturalist on the River Amazon	2s. net
BENSON, A. C.	The House of Quiet	2s. 6d. net
———	The Thread of Gold	2s. 6d. net
BISHOP, MRS.	A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains	2s. net
———	Unbeaten Tracks in Japan	2s. net
BORROW, GEORGE	Lavengro	2s. net
BULLEN, FRANK T.	The Cruise of the "Cachalot"	2s. 6d. net
———	The Log of a Sea Waif	2s. 6d. net
CARTWRIGHT, JULIA	The Painters of Florence	2s. 6d. net
CUMMING, GORDON	The Lion Hunter of South Africa	2s. 6d. net
DARWIN, CHARLES	Origin of Species	2s. net
FITCHETT, W. H.	Nelson and his Captains	2s. net
———	Wellington's Men	2s. 6d. net
———	Deeds that Won the Empire	2s. 6d. net
———	Fights for the Flag	2s. 6d. net
———	The Tale of the Great Mutiny	2s. 6d. net
GRANT-DUFF, SIR M. E.	Notes from a Diary, 1851–1872	2s. net
HERBERT, CAPT. VON	The Defence of Plevna	2s. net
HOARE, H. W. H.	Our English Bible	2s. net
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE	An Englishwoman's Love-Letters	2s. net
LIVINGSTONE, DAVID	First Expedition to Africa	2s. net
———	Life of. By W. G. Blaikie	2s. 6d. net
LUBBOCK, BASIL	Round the Horn before the Mast	2s. net
LUCY, SIR HENRY	Sixty Years in the Wilderness	2s. net
MALMESBURY, LADY, & BROOKE-HUNT, V.	Golden String: a Day Book for Busy Men and Women	2s. 6d. net
NAPIER, SIR W.	English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula War	2s. net
OWEN, J. A., Edited by	Woodland, Moor, and Stream	2s. net
PHILLIPS, E. M.	Frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel	2s. net
RUSSELL, G. W. E.	A Londoner's Log Book	2s. net
SMILES, SAMUEL	James Nasmyth: An Autobiography	2s. 6d. net
———	Self-Help	2s. 6d. net
———	Life and Labour	2s. 6d. net
STANLEY, DEAN	Memorials of Canterbury	2s. net
———	Sinai and Palestine	4s. net
TAYLOR, T. E.	Running the Blockade	2s. net
VICTORIA, QUEEN	The Letters of, 1837–1861. Edited by A. C. Benson & Viscount Esher. 3 Vols.	2s. net each

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1.

Are You Aware

that

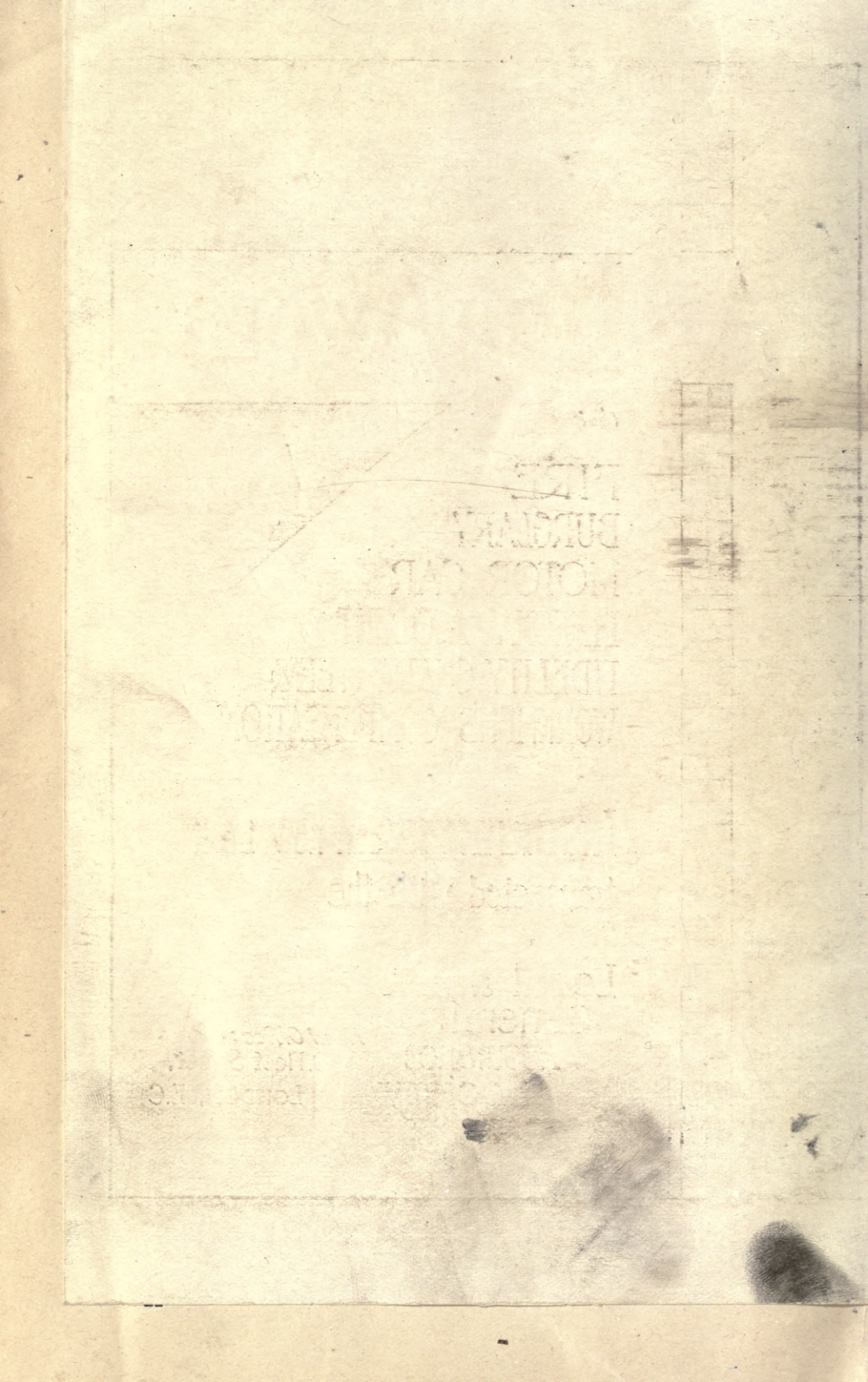
FIRE
BURGLARY
MOTOR CAR
PERSONAL ACCIDENT
FIDELITY GUARANTEE &
WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

INSURANCES can now be transacted with the

Legal & General Assurance Society

Head Office
10, Fleet Street,
LONDON, E.C

Estd.
1836



Another five minutes in bed if I use

ROYAL VINOLIA SHAVING STICK

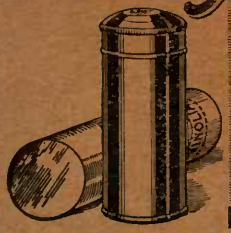
THE time for the morning toilet may safely be reduced to the minimum if Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick is used. One can always rely upon its valuable assistance to ensure a pleasant and comfortable shave in the shortest possible time.

The profuse and lasting lather of Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick quickly softens the strongest beard, making it easy for the razor to give a quick and clean shave, while its emollient qualities will be found very soothing to the skin. Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick yields the maximum amount of comfort and time-saving.

Price 1/3 per Stick.

Royal Vinolia

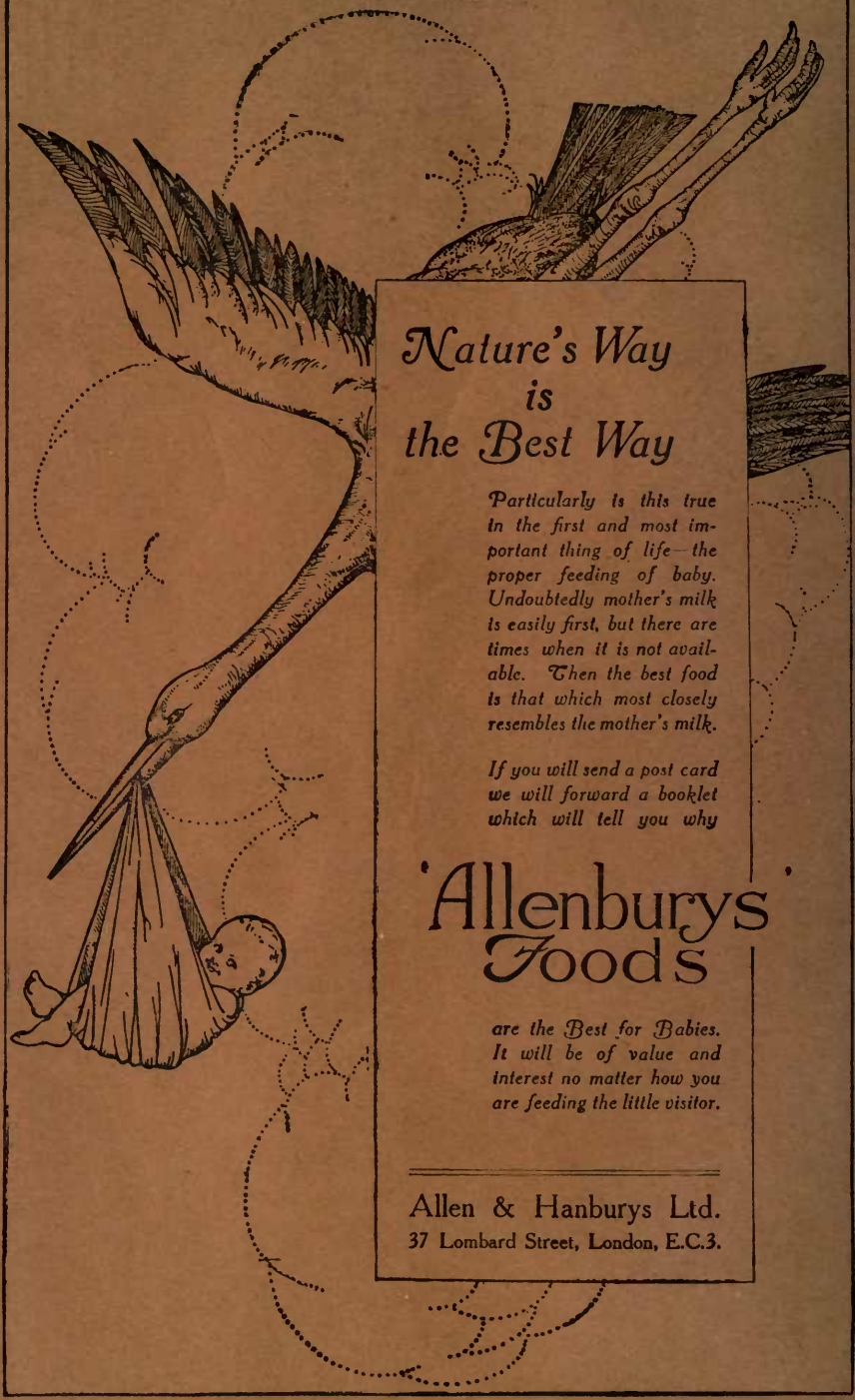
SHAVING STICK



For the man who prefers a Shaving Powder, Royal Vinolia Shaving Powder will render equally satisfactory service. Tins, 9d. & 1/3.

VINOLIA COMPANY LTD., LONDON.

RV 403—23



Nature's Way is the Best Way

Particularly is this true in the first and most important thing of life—the proper feeding of baby. Undoubtedly mother's milk is easily first, but there are times when it is not available. Then the best food is that which most closely resembles the mother's milk.

If you will send a post card we will forward a booklet which will tell you why

'Allenburys' Foods

are the Best for Babies. It will be of value and interest no matter how you are feeding the little visitor.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co. Ltd., Printers, Colchester, London, and Eton.